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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Battle of the Aisne has now lasted for twenty-one days without a decision. As we have already noted, it is less a battle than a siege. There seems to be little doubt that the German line of defence on the Aisne was selected before the retreat had begun. A prolonged stand at this point was a considered alternative of the German staff to the success they expected at Paris. News of the battle still continues indecisive. Last week ended in violent attacks upon many sections of the Allied line by the Germans, but they were all successfully repelled. Later there were rumours that the German right had at last been turned and that the German armies were exposed to confusion and rout. But these rumours were unconfirmed. We simply know that the drift of the flanking movement in the west continues towards the north; and that the position of the German army—between two vast claws of steel—is perilous if their line should give way at a critical point.

The German operations in Belgium have this week become important again. Clearly it has been decided to fight the next phase of the campaign upon neutral soil. Antwerp is now besieged in form. If Antwerp were only a fortress to be pounded to ruin the prospect would be dark indeed. But the Belgian army has had many weeks to dig itself in between the forts. The position of the Belgian troops should be as strong as that of the Germans upon the Aisne. Moreover, Antwerp can be relieved. This in every way is our business. It would be a hard blow to British prestige if the Germans were allowed to take and to keep a fortress which opens upon the North Sea.

The Russian armies are now in occupation of Galicia. They have appeared in the Carpathian passes and Hungary lies at their feet. Cracow already deliberates upon defence or surrender. The Russian advance in the East is still the deadly feature of the war for Germany. Germany cannot consent to lose wealthy Silesia and cannot spare the oil supplies of Galicia. The defeat of Austria, which continues to be made complete, has

opened a way into Germany. The way into Germany was closed so long as an undefeated army in Austria lurked upon the flank of the Russian advance. We would again point out that the plans of Germany have disastrously miscarried in two vital respects. The Ally of France in the west has not proved, as the Kaiser thought she would prove, contemptible, with the result that Paris to-day is untouched and the German programme in France many weeks behind the German calendar. Moreover, the Ally of France in the East, regarded as a cumbrous and inefficient Power, has struck down Germany's military partner with an amazing swiftness. The result of the war, so far, may be expressed in this way: Germany hoped to take her enemies swiftly and defeat them one by one. But it is Russia who has done this. She has defeated Austria before Germany could intervene.

An interesting account was issued by the Press Bureau on Tuesday concerning the enemy's system of espionage. The success of the system is measured by its results. A British General takes up his quarters in a house well within the British lines. Almost immediately that house is mysteriously picked out by the enemy for special notice. German spies are thickly sown all through the fighting area. They seem always to be in advance of the enemy's army. They are left behind when the enemy's army retreats. They have probably been planted years in the country; and their activities are a real menace to the effectiveness of our strategy. At Maubeuge, for example, sites for the heavy guns had been selected and prepared in time of peace by a private firm acting for the German staff. The account given by the Press Bureau of the methods of these German spies is worth quoting.

"Men in plain clothes", runs this description, "signal to the German lines from points in the hands of the enemy by means of coloured lights at night and puffs of smoke from chimneys by day. Pseudo-labourers working in the fields between the armies have been detected conveying information, and persons in plain clothes have acted as advanced scouts to the German cavalry when advancing. German officers and

soldiers in plain clothes or in French or British uniforms have remained in localities evacuated by the Germans in order to furnish them with intelligence. One spy of this kind was found by our troops hidden in a church tower. His presence was only discovered through the erratic movements of the hands of the church clock, which he was using to signal to his friends by means of an improvised semaphore code. Had this man not been seized it is probable that he would have signalled to the German artillery the time of arrival and the exact location of the headquarters and staff of the force. High explosive shells would then have mysteriously dropped on to the building".

The Kaiser's order to his men concerning our British forces will be remembered in history as a conspicuous instance of pride rebuked and humbled by the event. "It is my Royal Imperial Command", the Kaiser wrote on 19 August, "that you concentrate your energies, for the immediate present, upon one single purpose, and that is that you address all your skill and all the valour of my soldiers to exterminate first the treacherous English and walk over General French's contemptible little Army". The Kaiser, as an expert soldier, has probably realised by now that, man for man, the British Expeditionary Force which retreated from Mons is one of the most perfect small armies ever led into battle.

The Indian troops have landed this week at Marseilles. They were warmly welcomed on our behalf by the French inhabitants—a welcome which was uttered for us all. India's loyalty—partly a personal loyalty to the King-Emperor and partly a national conviction that India's future lies within the Empire and is gravely threatened by our common enemy—has as rudely disconcerted German calculations as the action of General Botha in South Africa. The Agha Khan, in a speech to a London audience this week, openly dismissed with contempt the idea of Germany as a champion of Islam. "Heaven forbid we should have such an immoral protector!" was his final word. No foreign power, he assured us, would ever corrupt the Indians. Their loyalty was "based on the consciousness that their dearest interests, religious as well as civil, were guaranteed to them by British rule more securely than they would be by any other dominion".

General Botha is now under arms and in action as the leader of United South Africa. He has this week invaded German territory. For the time being we are content to know that the Imperial Forces could hardly be better led. General Botha formally put away politics for war in a speech to his constituents—a fine speech cordially received. All wise and far-sighted people in South Africa recognise that the future of their country is bound up with the future of Great Britain. South Africa would be almost the first prize of German supremacy in Europe. Apart from motives of self-interest and common prudence, there is no doubt that General Botha is speaking and acting for a loyal Dominion of the British Empire, happy to have a place in the fighting line. General Beyers, who cannot forget that once he led his men against the British, speaks only for an intolerant and bitter minority. This minority has no real influence in war, though in peace it is voluble and assertive.

The "Emden" is a famous ship owing entirely to her speed. She can give a British light cruiser five knots an hour. Her career is likely to last till she has been cornered, or is caught without coal, or fouls her bottom. This week she has made several fresh prizes. Nothing happens, or is told, concerning the North Sea. The Admiralty has wisely decided to deal more strictly with ships flying neutral flags. There is no doubt that German trawlers flying neutral flags have been keeping the German Admiralty informed of all they can discover as to the position of our ships. This, at least, is a far more likely explanation of the knowledge the German commanders have shown than the

supposition that German spies are operating on the east coast. There are thousands of German spies on the east coast—they are swarming everywhere—but they are not in a position to inform German submarine officers of the precise situation of an English cruiser. Henceforth no trawlers or drifters are to be allowed in the minefield areas; and no foreign trawlers are to be allowed in ports upon the east coast. These regulations may yet have to be extended further. The safety of our Fleet obviously comes before inconvenience or loss of trade.

Lord Roberts was 82 this week. There is no living Englishman with a record of public service comparable, in any degree comparable, with his. When close on seventy he set out to succour Great Britain at a time when her fortunes were at a low ebb indeed; when she was being repeatedly defeated by a small nation and was being scoffed at and threatened by nearly every country in the world. Soon he put an entirely different complexion on things. He not only succoured, he saved the country, with the organising aid of the great soldier who rules at the War Office to-day. But perhaps the hardest task of all his life was yet to come—and is yet to be completed—the task of persuading our people that, if they wish to continue being a great nation, they must make up their minds to be a nation in arms. When we realise and fulfil that duty we shall be right worthy of greatness and empire, and not before.

Lord Roberts's example in the way of public work, right through from the Indian Mutiny to this war, is very great; but in his conduct generally, in his temper and disposition, he offers a scarcely less shining example to all men in public and in private life. In the first place, one must insist on his quiet fortitude and cheerfulness always in hard affairs, or if things are looking very black. He has, pre-eminently, the quality which is best described by the Latin *Mens æqua in arduis rebus*; the calm and unruffled mind and nerve, the good temper and the balance which are priceless when things are going against men or nations. There is no true heroism, in the very nature of things there never can be, unless there is some measure of this quality. Then one notes the modesty of Lord Roberts's speech and the moderation of his language, the moderation by which it is secured that each word tells.

We cannot help recalling the absurd uproar which arose in October 1912 when Lord Roberts told us the simple truth about Germany and her preparations: directly she is ready, he said on that occasion—22 October 1912—she will strike. Instantly all the alarmed Pacifists, and people who vainly imagined themselves Pacifists, set up a cry of agony. They cried out that it was a downright wicked thing for Lord Roberts to say. They even accused Lord Roberts of being an old man. Their Press, their platform, and their private houses rang with denunciations of Lord Roberts for saying this thing. This went on through 23 October, 24 October, 25 October, and scarcely died down then. In reply to which Lord Roberts quietly and modestly said nothing at all. He had given us the truth, and the most necessary truth, in inoffensive language, and that was enough. How clear and distinct the great man shines out in such an affair as this!

In indignantly reproving the SATURDAY REVIEW for venturing to deprecate the Pope's call for "peace" at this time, the "Catholic Times" makes this statement: "The ruin and sufferings in Catholic Belgium have not escaped him [the Pope]. It is Catholic teaching that where wrong has been done there must be restitution, and the SATURDAY REVIEW can assume with certainty that this was contemplated by the Holy Father when . . . he urged the contriving to cultivate sentiments of peace. Germany must pay for the

ravages and atrocities she has perpetrated. That must be regarded as an indispensable preliminary to peace". Germany can never "pay" for the atrocities. She can never pay even for the lost library of Louvain and for the spoiling of Reims and other cathedrals. Still less, if possible, can Germany pay for the peasants of Belgium, men, women, and children, whom her army has hunted down and killed. We are surprised that the "Catholic Times" should suggest such a thing at all, and we think it can hardly have considered its words in this connection.

The bill of the outraged Belgian people can never be settled. In one sense, no doubt, the Belgian people will have their payment: they will go down to history as, considering their small material resources, the most heroic nation in Europe to-day. A great deal has been said and written about the fortitude of Belgium in standing up to Germany in the way she has done, but the wonder and splendour of the thing remains fresh and vivid as ever. Bearing in mind the immense repute of the German war machine, the certainty that the German army would avenge itself on the Belgian people, and the fact that at the start they had to go in without aid from France and England, their act was really one of unsurpassed spirit.

The appeal this week by German theologians to the Christians of Europe is a very interesting document of the war. We accept it as an honest expression of conviction showing beyond all doubt how widely hatred of Great Britain and ignorance of her ways of action and thought have been scattered through Germany. The prelates who sign this appeal are presumably among the more learned and wise of the German people. Yet this document is packed with false history and inspired with a bitter and absurdly mistaken conception of British diplomacy and conduct. It may be urged in defence of the men who issue this appeal that they have had no opportunity of reading the State papers of the war, and that they have been systematically misled by their Government. But this does not excuse the credulity and malice of their prejudice. This document is a further proof of the contention we have repeatedly urged in this REVIEW. That England is an enemy to be destroyed by war is a maxim now accepted by the whole German people. We are not fighting a few Prussian officers and bureaucrats. We are fighting a furious nation, of one mind and heart.

The German theologians, in their professional way, have done precisely as the Kaiser has done. They claim the God of Battles for their Ally. They talk of a war "wantonly thrust upon our people", and they describe their enemies as attempting to seize in a deliberate and unprovoked war of conquest economic advantages and increase of power. They go on to speak of "unnameable horrors committed against Germans living abroad". All this merely shows how easily German opinion is ruled by the German Government and misled by popular German fury. It is not easy to read some of the passages of this document with an even mind. We are the more glad to note that the Archbishops and Bishops of Great Britain, in their answer, are restrained, deliberately reasonable, and calm. They answer the German theologians from the records. That Great Britain worked for peace—that every Power but Germany might have been persuaded to peace—is now a matter of history. The German theologians' "unnameable horrors" are not. Meantime we would invite the German theologians to tell us what they think of the doctrines of Treitschke and Bernhardi. They are silent as to these men. Does their silence imply approval? They tell us that Germany is a nation which has always ensued peace. Surely they should explain why Germany's popular prophets and thinkers have persistently advocated war, and why the German people have so readily listened to them and accepted their teaching.

Is it a right thing that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald should be drawing four hundred a year from the British

taxpayer when, so far as we can judge by his correspondence in the Press, the chief work he is doing for the country at the present time is heartening the enemy? Looking at it from a purely financial point of view, the British taxpayer is scarcely getting his quid pro quo from Mr. Ramsay MacDonald just now. But the case is far more serious than that. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's attacks on Sir Edward Grey and on British diplomacy are most welcome "copy" throughout Germany, as Sir Valentine Chirol shows in his powerful and impressive letter in the "Times" last Thursday: they are serving the German cause most admirably. In our view the time has come to deal with people like Mr. Ramsay MacDonald: if the law does not cover cases like his—which we doubt—it should be promptly strengthened. The Government should move against him at once.

Another Russian scholar—a Liberal and a member of the Second Duma—has followed Professor Vinogradoff in clearly asserting that Russia is finding in the struggle with Germany political and moral inspiration. All the Russias, Professor Peter Struve assures us, are now at one. The German Government counted on political disunion and a mutiny of the Provinces; but they have now to face a united country which has turned its back on the past; which has resolved to forgive and forget old feuds and ancient oppressions; which is socially and racially at peace. Elsewhere in this REVIEW we notice an able article this month in the "Fortnightly Review", wherein it is shown how greatly Germany herself is responsible for much of what, in the past, has been evil and weak in the policy of Russia in Poland. One of the happiest results of this great war will be the destruction for ever of German influence in Russia. St. Petersburg has changed its name. The influence of Germany in Russia began with Catherine the Great, and it has disastrously continued through every important crisis of Russian history. St. Petersburg was in a sense a Prussian capital; but St. Petersburg has passed away. Petrograd is quite another city.

Following Mr. Asquith's and Mr. Redmond's recruiting meeting in Dublin came Mr. Bonar Law's and Sir Edward Carson's in Belfast on Monday. We wish to refrain from any Party bitterness or anger, because it only serves to hearten the enemy abroad and to weaken our striking power at home. But one or two things must be said before the subject is dropped, let us hope, for a long time to come. First, Mr. Bonar Law is perfectly right in pledging himself and the whole Unionist Party to the Ulster Covenanters. If any attempt should be made hereafter to force Ulster away from British rule she will be entitled to resist, and the Unionist Party is in duty bound to help her resist, to the uttermost. *Ulster remains with Great Britain*: that is clear, imperative, and final. And let us, before we put away the theme, express once more our admiration of Sir Edward Carson's conduct of this business from start to close. He has not only saved Ulster, and preserved for Ulster her inviolate liberties. He has saved the country from civil war. When Germans reckoned on the Irish difficulty, they little knew the spirit of Sir Edward Carson and of the Ulster Volunteers. The creation of that body of men is one of the best and most virile achievements of our country during the last half-century.

M. Emile Hovelague has this week protested against the destruction of Reims in a cry of pain which finds a repercussion in the mind of every sensitive observer. M. Hovelague is a French scholar whose mastery of English letters is stamped upon his eloquent letter in the English tongue; and we witness his just anger with respect. Those who valued in Reims a work of great art should turn from M. Hovelague to read on another page of this REVIEW an article by Mr. C. H. Collins Baker. We would suggest that here they will find a very able, exact, and imaginative estimate of our loss.

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE STRENGTH OF THE ENEMY.

IT is well in war to measure accurately the strength of the enemy. That ultimately the Allied armies are bound to break the military power of Prussia; that Germany has raised against herself the moral indignation of the world; that she has grievously blundered in ignoring those shining virtues of mind and spirit which confounded her in Belgium and will defeat her in the end—these are sure and undoubted truths. Nevertheless, we must bravely face a truth, equally sure and undoubted. In material things Germany has already proved her competence. In science, discipline and organisation we have as yet found no reason to proclaim our enemy deficient. The insolent pride of Germany's challenge to the world was based, partly, it is true, upon a misinformed contempt for her enemies, but also to a large extent upon a justifiable sense that she could take the field impenetrably armoured for defence and systematically equipped for striking swiftly and mortally at her opponents. Not all her plans have prospered; but she has already made it clear to all belligerents that the war she has invoked will be more than a punitive raid upon Berlin. We have persistently discouraged the idea that the struggle in which we are now engaged would end happily and easily well within the present year. We have always held that this idea was mistaken in fact and mischievous in its consequences. History abounds in the disastrous results, for nations and individuals, of undervaluing an opponent. It is fortunate for Great Britain that our generals and our Government have not undervalued the German power, nor—more fortunately still—has the bulk of the English public. Lord Kitchener's appeal for armies—to be ready for use in the spring of 1915—and the splendid answer of our people to this appeal are proof enough that the country is counting, not upon the weakness of the enemy, but upon its own readiness and strength, for success in the present war. Nevertheless, there has been much vagueness in the public mind as to exactly how necessary it is to prepare against a day, apparently so remote, when every free and competent man in these islands will have to be put in the firing line; and there has also been heard from time to time much loose and cheerful talk about the war soon being at an end. Many of our people are still too eager to believe stories of German disorganisation, of famine in Berlin, a country stripped of its men, a currency in utter confusion, armies starved and broken in spirit. It is our plain duty to put all this rumour aside. We must firmly resolve, all through the war, to credit the German people with courage, energy, skill, resolution—with every moral and material means of living and fighting to the last man and the last coin. Possibly we shall be crediting the German people with more virtue than they really possess. That need not trouble us in the least. We shall be the likelier to win quickly and easily if we have made up our minds that the fight is going to be prolonged and difficult.

The resolution to endure and to prepare for the worst that a powerful enemy can do does not, we repeat, in the least imply a gloomy view as to the final issue. The war can end only in one way. We have set out to break the military might of Prussia and it is impossible that the enterprise should fail. It cannot conceivably prove so difficult a task to put a term to the menace of modern Germany as it was in former generations to put a term to the menace of Napoleon or of imperial Spain. Germany cannot fight the four corners of the world. The least sanguine observer must admit that Germany has entered upon an impossible career, and that, even in the event of dazzling military exploits and extraordinary good fortune, failure is waiting beside her, paying out the rope of her success. Upon this conviction we may justly build an absolute confidence as to our national future. But to count upon a swift and easy victory is another matter. It might lead us to incalculable disaster. It is, of course, quite allow-

able to believe in one's fortune; to *hope* that the luck is upon our own side. We do very earnestly hope that the German military machine will shortly be overstrained; that German civil and economic arrangements will collapse; and that the end will come in some unexpected and happy way. But it would be absolute folly soberly to expect any one of these things to happen. We must not take them into our calculations. We must assume that the enemy will lose no reasonable point of the game and we must perpetually guard against any tendency to play down to his imaginary weakness.

It is now a matter of history that in the first days of the war a large section of the English public was inclined to underrate the military efficiency of the German army. But Namur followed hard upon Liège; and Lord Kitchener's appeal for armies began to be more truly read. It began to be clear to the public, as it had always been clear to our soldiers and political leaders, that Germany had not for nothing concentrated for a generation upon military excellence; that a nation with a special talent for organisation and a ready will to be organised had not worked for forty years in vain. It is true and it is to the immortal glory of the soldiers of Great Britain that the army of Sir John French has shown itself man for man a finer instrument of war than the armies of Kaiser Wilhelm II.; but it is also true, and it is now unquestioned, that the German military machine is in discipline, organisation, numbers, and armament one of the most powerful field forces yet assembled in history. The peril now lies less in underrating the military power of Germany than in underrating her organisation of finance and labour. Again we must insist that it is not a malicious discouragement of our people, but an absolutely necessary public service, to urge continually that the enemy is prudent and strong; that he has counted the cost; and is prepared to make an immense and staggering sacrifice of his material prosperity in the effort to save himself from the consequences of defeat. He has organised the relief of distress—he has prepared everywhere against the state of war—in so complete and searching a manner that food prices in Berlin are normal; that the life of the city outwardly appears to go on as if no Russian soldier had yet set foot upon German soil. The theatres are open. There is nowhere any public panic. Germany is a provisioned and organised fortress. Nor is this in the least remarkable. It is really absurd to imagine that a bureaucracy as efficient as the German would rush into war without the sinews and munitions of war. We can be assured that, so long as the German armies hold the field, Germany's financial bankruptcy will be successfully concealed from her people, and that though Germany will hideously suffer she will not quickly be starved.

At this point there is another loophole for the few who are even now secretly trusting to win the war less by our own sacrifice and exertion than by the weakness and collapse of the enemy. It has been suggested that Germany will speedily surrender because the German people are not prepared to suffer. It is urged that the Bavarians will not consent to go hungry because the Prussians have driven them into a war with Europe. Here again we must repeat that militarism and hatred of Great Britain have bitten deeply into the hearts of the German people throughout the German Empire; that we are fighting a nation and not a caste; that it would be ruinous folly to count upon a schism in the German ranks. When the Allied armies have set foot within the German frontier they will be in an enemy's country in precisely the same sense that the Germans themselves are in an enemy's country at this moment. No terms of peace will be acceptable to Europe which do not provide against any effectual re-aring of the Prussian idea; and it is folly to suppose that any party or province in Germany will accept such terms save at the point of a victorious sword. We have been resolutely aware of this from the start of the war. Young Germany has listened too long to doctrines of malice and hatred of the British, and has too completely lost

touch with that older and better Germany which gave great music and deep thought to the world, to have any doubt of the right of her present evil cause. That doubt has to be beaten into her consciousness with blows of successful war aimed at the heart of her carefully nurtured efficiency and power.

Not until we have made up our minds that the fight is to a finish with an enemy of immense efficiency and resource should we allow ourselves to look upon the other side of the picture. We may then legitimately reflect that the economic wear and strangulation of the present war is more terrible for Germany than for any of the Allies. When the war has been transferred to her own territory Germany will have no positive economic factor on the credit side. The end will be within view of her rulers. There is no reason why a prescient optimism that looks to our final inevitable success should not be freely indulged once we have realised and frankly admitted that victory comes after strife and that strife with our well-appointed and desperate enemy must for many anxious weeks be very hard and bitter.

THE FIRST LESSON OF THE WAR.

ON Monday the "Times" announced and commented favourably on the new Arbitration Treaties which the United States Senate has ratified with Great Britain, France, and Spain. Of course we all must welcome such an arrangement—it goes, indeed, without saying. But a much more significant piece of news was cabled by the Central News and printed in the same journal next day. This was part of Mr. Roosevelt's opening article in an American paper on the first lesson of the war, so he describes it, for the American people. It is so straight and bold, and so exceedingly useful that we must give a considerable extract from it.

The first lesson, writes Mr. Roosevelt, is "The absolute need of our being willing, ready, and able to defend ourselves against an unjust attack. What has befallen Belgium and Luxemburg shows the utter hopelessness of trusting to any treaties unless they are backed by sufficient power to secure their enforcement. The fate of Luxemburg and Belgium offers the instructive commentary on the folly of well-meaning people who insisted that the Panama Canal should not be fortified, and that we should trust to international treaties to protect it. Protected only by treaty, unless behind that treaty lay both force and readiness to use force, the Canal would not be safe for twenty-four hours."

"If, as an aftermath of this war, some Great Power or combination of Powers made war because we objected to their taking and fortifying Magdalena Bay or St. Thomas, our chances of securing justice would rest exclusively in the efficiency of our Fleet and Army, and especially the Fleet. No arbitration or peace treaties of the kind recently negotiated in Washington by the bushy, no tepid goodwill of neutral Powers would help us in the smallest degree."

"The great danger as far as this country is concerned arises from those pacifists who have made and applauded the recent all-inclusive treaties, who advocate the abandonment of the policy of building battle-ships and the refusal to fortify the Panama Canal. If they succeed in creating the conviction in the minds of foreign nations that they represent our people, then the fate of the United States will speedily be that of China and Luxemburg, or it will be saved therefrom only by a long-drawn-out war, accompanied by incredible bloodshed and disaster."

If we take out from these passages the several references to American places and interests in particular the whole of the remainder perfectly fits and applies to Great Britain. Mr. Roosevelt's first lesson is not less true of our case than it is of the United States' case. But certainly we can, without straining the point at all, go further than this. We can say that it is a lesson which it is more vital, more a matter of life and death, for Great Britain to have at heart, and bear

constantly in mind, than for Mr. Roosevelt's own land. The United States do at least enjoy a measure of security, so far as dangers from Europe are concerned, which we are terribly subject to. They enjoy a certain aloofness, an aloofness given by great distances and by oceans, which we cannot claim. The conquest of America by Germany, for instance, has really not occurred seriously to anyone, so far, as a question of practical politics. There is something indeed, by comparison, almost fantastic about the idea of the conquest of America just now. We imagine that if Mr. Roosevelt, when on his walking and bird-nesting tour with Sir E. Grey two years or so ago in the New Forest, had asked his companion whether he thought there was immediate danger of the United States becoming—through her paucity of Dreadnoughts—the "conscript appanage of some foreign Power", he would scarcely have expected or received a quite serious reply. It is quite right that America should be able to defend her mighty interests. Even she dare not let her cannon rust. But America's necessity in this matter is not immediate, as is ours.

It might seem that any warning of the kind at this time is uncalled for—that now at length everyone in this country must thoroughly recognise our need to keep our armour bright and up to date henceforth. But we fear this recognition is by no means so general as it should be. In spite of the terrible awakening which the idealists have had, we already see signs they are ready, directly the pressure of war eases at all, to drop off asleep once more. We have noticed some singular illustrations of this, and many people who have heard the war discussed much in public places by perfectly earnest disputants have probably had similar experiences. The writer, for instance, found the other day in his neighbour at a restaurant an ardent idealist who rejoiced that at length his lifelong desire for universal peace and disarmament was coming into the region of practical politics. Europe, he held, would be exhausted after this war. The great nations, worn down by loss of blood and treasure, and shocked at this object lesson in militarism or Bernhardtism, would be in the right temper to disarm, and to reach an agreement for some form of a European police for ensuring peace and order henceforth. This man was a zealot and extremist, no doubt, but his curious idea, in one form or another, is by no means uncommon. It hovers about the minds of many thousands of quite sincere people even to-day, though some of them are shy, for fear of rough ridicule, of dwelling on it in presence of the unsympathetic.

That is the idea, the strange figment. But what of the fact? Should anything be clearer to a practical mind that deals in realities, and argues through common sense and experience, than this—the era of disarmament and of a European policing arrangement has disappeared into the infinite future. That we shall rid ourselves in Europe, after a great and long and tremendously costly effort, of the Prussian form of militarism is not to be doubted. It will be forced and struck out as Napoleonism was a hundred years ago. But that is quite another proposition. Prussian militarism will go, we are quite convinced. It will melt away as Napoleon's army melted after the retreat from Moscow—though Europe will not be able to afford to do as the Russian general, Kutuzov, then proposed to do, rest content after the enemy has been driven across the frontiers into Germany. But the striking out of the Prussian Might is Right creed and the bringing back of Germany to her senses do not for a moment imply the end of Dreadnoughts and submarines, of armoured trains, and all the engines of war. On the contrary, Europe will obviously only emerge from this struggle as a huge armed camp, though a camp, alas! with not so many trained soldiers to accommodate as she has started with. The world, it is too clear, is in for an era not of universal peace nor of some kind of special constabulary, but for, at best, an era of armed neutrality. Europe will be very shy of big wars after this experience. It will be shy of them without need-

ing to reckon up the figures of loss and gain in the ledgers of Mr. Norman Angell's school of accountants. That is the best hope which common sense and a study of human nature offer for the near future, and it is something, indeed a good deal. But, shy of big wars and of Prussian hacking-one's-way-through plans, Europe will be shy, too—shier, perhaps, than ever—of disarmament proposals. When England was asked to join the Holy Alliance the Duke of Wellington drily asked for something more precise: nations invited to disarm and go into a European special constabulary will assuredly, like the good Duke, desire something more precise, and something more secure.

In fine, to guard ourselves against any recurrence of a menacing militarism like that of Germany to-day, Great Britain, at any rate, will have to keep at a high efficiency her defensive powers. We greatly hope that, with the German menace removed, we shall not have to build ships at the rate we have been forced to during the last twenty years or so. But build we shall and must; and have a national army we shall and must. We are learning our lesson now: after the war we shall have to put it into practice. There is no possible or conceivable way of escaping from this if we are to continue as an empire and to live henceforth in peace and in tolerable security. Mr. Roosevelt's "first lesson of the war" is pre-eminently our first lesson at home.

War has its noble side, no doubt, being marked by self-sacrifice and high endeavour in many men, and it tends to bring together hostile interests and classes in a country; and this war is bringing out the best manhood in our nation. But the ruin and destruction of it in countless forms cannot be made good. We wish, therefore, we could see, with the idealists, the faintest prospect of an end to the age of "reeking tube and iron shard". We can see absolutely none to-day.

THE KAISER'S RESPONSIBILITY.

IT is desirable that the British people should assess with some rough approach to accuracy the German Emperor's individual responsibility for the war, and also for the character German methods have imparted to the war. The matter is not without practical importance. It is not necessarily a question of personal vengeance and indulging in dramatic retaliations of any kind. Expedients of this sort may well be left in the lumber-room of antique precedent. On the other hand there is no reason why the Emperor should be in any way excused. He must answer for his sins of commission or omission before the bar of public opinion, and even the mightiest monarchs cannot ignore the writ of that tribunal. But the witnesses should be examined and the evidence weighed with judicial impartiality before sentence is pronounced.

There are two main currents of extreme opinion—or, more properly, feeling—about the Kaiser. There are those who regard William II. much as our forefathers thought of Napoleon. The Kaiser of their imagination is an altogether inhuman and, indeed, incredible figure. They credit him with preternatural malice, treachery, cruelty, and dissimulation. For twenty years and more he has been plotting the downfall of France, the robbery of England, the massacre of Belgium, the final over-running of the world; and now "the day" has at last arrived, he gloats over the agonies of nations and bellows blasphemous litanies to some terrible Mumbo-Jumbo he calls God. It is barely possible that Nature could compound a being at once so artful, so stupid, so credulous, so savage. Nature is rich, and it would be foolish to deny her omnipotence. But there has never been such a man, and probably never will be. Certainly the Kaiser is not he. On the other hand, there is a tendency, in some quarters, to represent the German ruler as a sort of puppet, the victim of dangerous counsellors, the tool of the war party, the cat's-paw of his own son and heir. The Kaiser, say these apologists, did not want

war. He was drawn into it by misrepresentations, by appeals to his vanity, by cunning insinuations as to the quality of his personal courage, by judicious working on his fears of the Slav peril. This is the view, generally speaking, of Englishmen who have come under the influence of the undoubted personal charm of William II. They seem unable to realise that a man may have more than one side to his character, and that the most many-sided man in Europe is the German Emperor. In any case, the excuse is quite worthless. There may be justice in the view of our friends the Oxford professors of history who have compiled the little war book called "Why We Are at War—Great Britain's Case":—

"If these outbursts and attempts at the eleventh hour to bargain for our neutrality were genuine efforts to keep the peace between Great Britain and Germany, it is our belief that their origin must be found in the highest authority in the German Empire, whom we believe, in spite of petty signs of spitefulness exhibited since the war broke out, to have been sincerely and honestly working in favour of European peace, against obstacles little dreamt of by our countrymen."

But the Kaiser's good intentions can only be established at the expense of his reputation for honesty and firmness of character. It is surely doing him no service to represent him as a windy, inconstant person, the slave of his own favourites, the puppet of his counsellors, the trembling vassal of his Mamelukes. William II. is hedged in with no formidable constitutional restrictions. He has made extravagant, almost profane, claims to omnipotence in these high questions. He has described himself as the earthly providence of the German people, the vice-regent of God in all German lands. His power, at lowest, was sufficient to turn the scale against the impulsive advocates of war. As Prussian King, as German Emperor, as a trustee of European civilisation, his conscience, and his alone, was the supreme court of appeal. The heavy burden of responsibility could be thrown on no humbler back. If the Kaiser decided for war for himself, through any motive, it may be possible to form some excuse for what is now seen to be a frantic folly. If he was really tempted into war, or cajoled or forced into it against his conviction, the baseness of the abdication amounts to a crime.

The truth is probably somewhat less discreditable to the Emperor's character. The verdict of posterity is likely to be that William II., with some qualities that might have made him a passable ruler, has one incurable defect. He is cursed with mental and moral instability. With all his mediæval notions, he is modern of the moderns in the shallow rapidity of his perceptions and the jerky fluctuations of his judgment. Of the old German virtue of stolidity he has little or none. His intelligence pierces at once the outer husk of any subject, but never reaches the heart. He is a collector of little ideas, just as his ancestor Frederick William was a collector of big soldiers. To the casual foreigner he appears a poet, a soldier, a statesman, a man of multitudinous activities, brilliant in all. But those who know him better trace the borrowed epigram, the second-hand idea on soldiering and diplomacy, the repolished cliché of literary criticism. He is a king after the manner of Louis XIV., and not after that of Henri IV. The one thing he does understand thoroughly is the Grand Monarque's art of picking other people's brains, of focussing all glory on his own magnificent person, of being for ever royal. It is said that no servant at Potsdam survives the privilege of seeing "God's anointed" in his dressing gown! Thirty years of faithful service will not atone for that indiscretion! Like Louis, again, William is strongly suspected of a passion rather for the pomp of war and its trophies than for war itself. The dazzling vision of victorious fields and conquered territories has ever been before his eyes; but a shrewd, perhaps an excessive, estimate of the risks has made

* Published by the Oxford University Press. (2s. 6d.) It is a very valuable document, and should be widely read.

him on the whole a man of peace. For years the sabre was rattled; it seemed to be leaping from its scabbard. But prudence—some have described it by a less pleasant name—prevailed, and the sword was not drawn. To hold the Kaiser guiltless of participation in the plans of the Bernhardt school would be to go in the face of all evidence and all reasonable experience. He has for years, one suspects, hated England with a rancorous and envious malice. From the Kruger telegram to the Agadir adventure, the Imperial speeches of fifteen years with obliging naïveté reveal the Imperial soul. France he would never forgive for her still unquestioned predominance in the noble arts, for her cool intellectual contempt for the bully across the frontier. Still, where there is war there is hazard, and the Emperor would scarcely of his own initiative have taken the risk. Even at the supreme moment there were probably hesitations; and it may easily be true, as the story goes, that the shower of ultimatums followed on the sting of a fancied personal insult. It is the Emperor's true guilt that for years, partly through deliberate policy and partly through sheer flightiness, he forced the pace of armaments, pampered the aggressive spirit in Germany, helped to intoxicate his people with the heady liquor of an Imperialism based on purely material conceptions. But neither in temperament nor in intellect is he fitted to imitate the cool and profitable treacheries of his great ancestor. Frederick was known as the author of the "Anti-Machiavel" when he seized Silesia. Everybody was told what modern Germany might be expected to accomplish in the way of piracy under William II.

Whatever differences may exist as to the Kaiser's responsibility for the war, there can be none as to the ignominy with which its conduct has stained his character. Arrest, degradation, even sharp Imperial reprimand would have saved the German name the disgrace of Louvain, Termonde, Dinant, Malines, and Reims. A word from the Kaiser would have saved the lives and property of thousands of harmless civilians, the agony of hundreds of helpless women, the sanctity of scores of venerable buildings. That word has not been spoken. The destroyers remain in their posts of honour and responsibility. No breath of Imperial censure has reached them. They may fairly assume, as the world assumes, that, though the Kaiser's heart "bleeds" for Louvain, the fell work of destruction has his approval, if it had not his instigation. For the barbarism of war, if for nothing else, the name of William II. will soil the pages of history and sully his personal fame. He will be for ever associated with crimes such as Europe has never known since Louis XIV., in an evil hour for his fame, gave orders for the devastation of the Palatinate. The immense misfortunes his reckless levity has brought on Europe might have been forgiven, if not forgotten. But civilised mankind can never forget or forgive the callousness with which he has seen some of the fairest parts of Europe given over to hideous and obscene ruin without a protest or a word of regret.

"GERMANY AND ENGLAND."

WE protest emphatically against the industrious circulation in certain newspapers, also in conversation and public speech, of the false idea that the patriotic and wise lectures of Professor Cramb, recently published under the title of "Germany and England", are in any sense opposed to the ideals for which the Allies are fighting at the present time. Before the war broke out Professor Cramb did a public service, whose real worth the event has clearly shown, in telling English audiences in London what precisely was being written and taught in modern Germany. He believed from his reading of German literature, from his acquaintance with German politics and ways of thought, that a collision between Germany and England was bound to arise out of the accepted teaching of the German prophets; out of the deep hostility that was being impressed upon the German mind; out of the collision of

two absolutely opposed political ideals. He proclaimed this belief and drew from it the moral that we must be resolutely prepared to fight for our splendid English inheritance of thought and policy. Professor Cramb's message to the British nation is throughout vital with love of country and just pride in the imperial history and achievements of Great Britain. The attempt to discredit his teaching in certain newspapers and reviews is easily explained. It is due to the distrust and dislike of a narrow sect of voluble writers and loose thinkers for imperial ideas and for all literature that finds an honourable place for the virtues of war. These writers have, with palpable dishonesty, tried to charge Professor Cramb with unduly praising the enemy purely on the ground that Professor Cramb has sternly insisted upon the importance and power in modern Germany of writers like Treitschke, Giesebrecht and Sybel. Is it, then, unpatriotic to warn one's countrymen of peril in store and to measure justly the strength and power of the enemy? Surely we can find the doctrines of men like Treitschke abhorrent, and resolutely determine to root them from the mind of Europe, without absurdly misjudging a man of intellect and power. It is really difficult to write with restraint concerning journalists who have spitefully attacked Professor Cramb since war broke out. Professor Cramb, at a time when his critics were telling the English public that Germany was a harmless and friendly Power, when they were absorbing and passing on information for the delusion of our people from German Press agencies and German officials, warned us solemnly and veraciously, with unmistakable fervour for his country and solicitude for her safety and honour, that Germany was a menace to the British Empire. These critics cannot, it seems, forgive a reference of Professor Cramb to "the Radical Member of Parliament who, liberated from the cares of state, spends three weeks in Berlin, consorts with members of the Reichstag, and finds each and all of them thoroughly well disposed towards peace with all men and with England in particular".

Professor Cramb's service in warning Great Britain of an event he did not live to witness has already been estimated in this REVIEW. We would now confine ourselves to citing from his book two noble passages that put his patriotism and pride of race beyond all question. First we take some eloquent words from his declaration of British imperialism. "If I were asked", he writes, "how one could describe in a sentence the general aim of British Imperialism during the last two centuries and a half, I should answer, in the spirit of Dionysus: To give all men within its bounds an English mind; to give all who come within its sway the power to look at the things of man's life, at the past, at the future, from the standpoint of an Englishman; to diffuse within its bounds that high tolerance in religion which has marked this Empire from its foundation; that reverence yet boldness before the mysteriousness of life and death characteristic of our great poets and our great thinkers; that love of free institutions; that pursuit of an ever higher justice and a larger freedom which, rightly or wrongly, we associate with the temper and character of our race wherever it is dominant and secure. . . . It is this which gives hope in hopeless times, imparting its immortal vigour to the statesman in his cabinet and the soldier in the field. A government or a minister may seem to have the power arbitrarily to provoke a war which involves the suffering and death of thousands; but it is neither for government nor minister that the soldier falls. Dying there in agony, sinking into darkness, he has in himself the consciousness of this far greater thing, this mysterious, deathless, onward-striving force, call it God, call it Destiny—but name it England."

A page such as this suffices to confound the men Professor Cramb so truly exposed before the war with Germany had come to justify his words. For the rest, we would quote, without comment, Professor Cramb's final declaration of faith in Great Britain—his vision of the great moral renaissance whose

beginnings he was—alas!—not destined himself to witness. "Is the creative power which has shaped this ancient and famous empire really dead?" he asks. "Is it moribund or sick at all, within us? Or is this momentary apathy and indifference a thing indeed momentary, that shall pass away? Even now, even in 1913, when I consider England and this vast and complex fabric of empire which she has slowly reared, its colonies, its dependencies, the cosmic energy which every where seems to animate the mass in its united life and in its separate States or principalities, all comparisons with decaying empires appear an irrelevance or a futility. Whatever be England's fate, it will not be the fate of Venice or Byzantium. And as a proof of the validity of this impression or this conviction I seem to discover everywhere stirrings as of a new life, to hear the tramp of armies fired by a newer chivalry than that of Crecy, and on the horizon to discern the outline of fleets manned by as heroic a resolve as were those of Nelson or Rodney."

It was once believed that men about to die were gifted with prophecy. It almost seems as if this were true of Professor Cramb.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 9) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

"What folly to attack a country that a conquest cannot bind to the conqueror, while failure will leave you worse off than you were before!"

THE riddles of the future have all been written down and answered in the history of the past. When Nicias, the general selected by his fellow Athenians to share with Alcibiades and Lamachus the command of the fleets and armies destined for the expedition to Sicily, accepted the duty, he gave his vote in the debate in the assembly against the proposed venture. The pith of his reasons is quoted above. It must have gone much against the grain of the historian to leave a record of this general's telling argument, for to Thucydides, the most grave, the most tragic, and the most philosophic of all historians, war represented more than a noble factor in human life.

The argument of the Athenian general propounded centuries ago bids fair to materialise in the present epoch. Blind militarism which decreed the annexation of two fair provinces of France after the ghastly struggle of 1870 declines to reason that Germany profited little by such action. The infirmity is too acute to see the thorn in the side which has been carried by the victors for 43 years or to foresee that a passion unquenched by time has fostered that most inflammable of all emotions within the vanquished, the fiery spirit of revenge. The rivers of blood which marked the course of the last great struggle on the western side of the continent of Europe are but feeble symbols of the oceans now being shed on three sides of Europe's mainland; and for what reason? Answer: to allow unreason to prevail. And yet somehow one has come to think that this war had "got to come". Better one stout tussle for the idea of right and righteousness than a facile acquiescence in the idea of military dictatorship and its predominance with all its sequels of instability, distrust, rivalry, and rancour. Better for our children, if not for us, one great expenditure of blood and gold than never-ending threats and rumours of war, commercial conflicts, political complications, frontiers to be safeguarded, squabbles over spheres of influence, mock concerts played behind a screen of heavily armed Peace. This is the Kaiser's war, and his alone. We know that His Majesty is a crank, and that a fair portion of his distemper takes a form that leads him to believe that he is a chosen instrument of Providence. We have every reason to agree with him; for have we not already proof that his creed is a "religion of force"? Providence in a cycle of generations sends a scourge to thin out the overflow of mankind. Fortunately so; for were it not so, where should we find elbow-room on the habitable globe? Man in his

conceit believes that by means of his mastery of science and research he has discovered and conquered the germs of disease and pestilence which God sends wherewith to afflict mankind: plagues, fevers, cholera, sleeping sickness, and other manifold ills which decimate if they do not annihilate. The turn of our generation has come, and the scourge takes a nobler form of punishment than the insidious one of disease. War, the stern disciplinarian of humanity, is the whip we have to face; but in boldly facing it, as we must, we shall find the school of heroism, the training-ground of nation pitted against nation, ennobling men, disciplining them in the highest form of manhood—in valour. We may yet have reason to thank the foolish figure that has thrust the sword into our hands; for will it not galvanise our own manhood into realising that there are other persons than one's own self, other sons across distant seas who breathe with us the common air of freedom, all with a common purpose, duties as well as rights, homes to defend, women to protect, children to shield under a flag nailed to the masthead, waving above a family of nations? We have been spoilt by generations of peace. This war will be the re-birth of our manhood.

We have now to answer a question on a parchment on which blood will take the place of ink. Is the heritage of this war to take the form of the prospect of a renewed challenge to combat between rival alliances?

The immediate battle-ground of this and future struggles is the same for us now as it has been for centuries. The foot of the conqueror is now upon the soil. Is the warning counsel of Nicias to be of avail, or is the lunacy of the Kaiser to prevail? The remedy of the evil rests with us and us alone, and the recipe is men and more men. We have got to reconquer Belgium, we English.

For forty-two million people this should not be a heavy task if (and the "if" is material) its sons roll up to the occasion. War sense forms no part of our mental equipment, not even among the choicest of our intellects. Witness the Premier himself, who in his recruiting oration on a Nationalist platform in Dublin gives news both to the enemy and his audience of the arrival at Marseilles of an Indian reinforcement to our armies. For a recruiting agent nothing could worse serve his purpose. Crowds of shirkers only want a peg upon which to hang their excuses to avoid a duty. To a foe it notifies to what straits we are put to find trained men for war. Is it not with some loss of pride and dignity that we advertise this *coup de guerre*?

A half a million men reply

To call of country. To get another half we'll try.

Will still a million more young men stand by

And see the first half die?

THE SEAS.

The inborn chivalry of the British seaman has dulled his eye to recognise the first principles of warfare—never allow yourself to be surprised. The watery grave of 1,400 of our brave seamen in an effort to save 200 has awakened our Admiralty to the fact that stratagem is still a deadly instrument of war. "Confound their knavish tricks," says the second verse of our national hymn, and we must think out ways and means to carry out its recommendations. We are daily reminded that new methods in sea war require new counter-methods. A Boer admiral would have sung no song, as we did, over our first achievement of success at sea. He would have captured the "Königin Luise", not sunk her, and then sailed her back to the waters whence she came and sown those waters with the vile cargo with which she was loaded. Nor should we shout too loud over the triumph of our naval airmen in their visit to Düsseldorf. Antwerp, Ostend, even Boulogne, have still the terrors of day visitors in Zeppelins above them. It is fair to question whether the expedition to the aerodrome was not a mistake. Daring as the venture was, it would have been trebly effective if the three airship sheds within flight range of Antwerp had been simul-

taneously attacked. Repetition of the undertaking will most certainly be anticipated by preparation. I base my criticism on an illustration given to me by a participator in a somewhat similar land venture. "We had reached a state of tactical paralysis [in Lady-smith] in the garrison. Nobody seemed to have any idea of initiative in the defence; we were becoming passive resisters. Boers alike seemed equally languid and non-venturesome. I suggested to the Chief that we might do something, and submitted a scheme to blow up one of their 'Long Toms'. He accepted the idea, and, as the town was full of spies, the operation was decided upon there and then. Within four hours 500 men moved out, and we were rewarded with an almost bloodless success. Next day I realised what a mistake we had made. Another leader claimed to carry out a similar task on a howitzer position opposed to his front. He sallied out and, of course, found the foe well prepared, and, though he achieved his task, suffered heavily. I have no hesitation in saying that if a scheme had been propounded to destroy all the Boer guns on the same night, we should have succeeded." The Admiralty minute on the report of the loss of the three cruisers of the "Cressy" class should prepare our people what to expect in loss of life in the event of a Fleet action—no boats from neighbour craft to save the brave crew of a stricken monster of the deep with its many hundreds of lives; nor in the battleship itself, torn by fire or hailed with shell, does the wounded seaman seek or expect a helping hand. He lies where he falls until the fight be o'er. The first and principal duty on land and sea in war is to take life, not to save life.

What splendid havoc can a swift freelance cruiser make! "Emden" on land and "Emden" at sea must be the nightmare of our Admiralty.

SOME REFLECTIONS FROM SIDELIGHTS.

"Good-bye, 'Jimmy', and good luck, old boy. I only wish you had three divisions in your army corps in place of two", were the words with which I sped the late Commander of the 2nd Army on his journey over the Channel. Sir James Grierson did not agree with me, and as a master of war organisation he was probably right in the conclusion that two divisions in an army corps were preferable to three. There is much to be said for both ideas, but war is the arbiter. War has settled on this occasion that the two divisions of our 3rd Army should be separately merged in the 1st and 2nd Army. It is a matter of consideration whether, after a successful action as was ours on the Marne, you should not have in reserve a completely fresh division to turn defeat into a rout, or in the case of a retreat, as was imposed upon our two armies at Mons, means by which you can cover the retirement with a fresh division untainted by defeat, and thus give the stricken troops time to re-form and refit. There is nothing new in the idea, for it is Napoleon's. He invariably had a reserve of fresh troops in his hand to meet an occasion, and he wielded this reserve—which was complete in all its arms—with a power we know right well. The first despatch received from Sir John French will have told the tale how near to disaster was our 2nd Army on the left of our line, and how such was averted only by the skill and coolness of the commander and by the arrival of a fresh division newly derailed and hurriedly thrown into the combat. It is not with the slightest view to criticism of operations that I pen these remarks, but merely as a feeler of opinion on the organisation of the new armies we are creating. In an enclosed country like our own an army corps of three divisions would unquestionably be a cumbrous machine, utterly unwieldy, and the third division, which, as suggested above, might be thrown into the fight, would of necessity hamper the movements of the other two, and probably be too far distant for the purpose of sustaining an action. The elbow room which the plains of Europe afford for the movement and action of large forces allows more latitude in organisation; the roads facilitate the transit of large bodies, and the unenclosed nature of the ter-

rain—utterly dissimilar to what obtains in Great Britain—suggests the possibility of more timely action with fresh troops in reserve, both for pursuit and retirement. Starting with a war organisation of only six divisions, we probably had no choice in the matter of the composition and strength of an army corps, for, as a nation without any national military system, some means of home security must be available while a second army is being raised and trained.

These points in organisation and many others in tactics and equipment, we may feel sure, are receiving attention in the highest quarters—the lesson of experience gained in two months of war. There is probably much to discard and much to include in our manuals of training and of field service. The motto "simplicity" will be the basis of the organisation and administration of the new armies we are forming.

THE WESTERN THEATRE. REFERENCE MAP, "TIMES", 29 SEPTEMBER.

The inability of the Allies to keep the enemy on the run when once they had started him on his backward tracks at the end of the desperate struggle on the Marne has materially altered the military situation in the Western Area. The pick and axe have now asserted themselves on both sides. When the German has succeeded in dashing himself to pieces against the field works behind which the Allies are taking breath, then we may look for a forward movement to the next line of a prepared defensive. Meanwhile let the foe have full rein to his impulsive action, and let the self shattering of his forces be complete. It is these very faulty battle tactics of the German which should have suggested a defensive-offensive strategy to the Allied commander. A victory which is only half gained over the parapets of thousands of fellow-comrades' corpses must with time spell attrition to the victor. Then the tide turns. As the German himself confesses—"After terrible sacrifices, we have accomplished nothing". How well the nature of those fights of masses in dense formation remind us older ones of the desperate struggle at the farm at St. Hubert and the quarries to the south of it in 1870! Poor brave old Steinmetz, the director of this sacrifice, paid the penalty of his persistence in attack, for his reward was dismissal at the hands of the old King of Prussia. What discipline! In the serpentine wave which now delineates the frontage of the opposing forces a weak spot must ere long present itself that by means of penetration in assured strength must by holding up one flank of the cleavage allow a flood of attackers to roll up the remaining hostile flank. To the practised strategist this point of cleavage is fairly apparent, but in a front of battle ranging over 250 miles the moment to choose for such a movement is not only a psychological one, but materially a matter of acute calculation. Combinations of movements in battle so necessary to assure success become almost impossible on such extended fronts, in spite of all the aids which science has afforded. When two opposing armies arrive at a position of stalemate the one that can find troops sufficient in strength to justify a new move can claim the strategic initiative. The Kaiser has yet to learn the true value of sea power. The line of least resistance offers the opportunity for a fresh effort when new forces are put into the field. That new point of attack may, if successful, reach hundreds of miles away on an enemy's extended line. In war, as in other matters, small causes produce great effects. Before long we may see the whole picture of the western theatre transformed, and a million men on the move from a cause that they least expect. Meantime fresh defensive lines are undoubtedly being prepared for the Allies to encounter. The German may yield his foothold in Northern France, but not upon his own soil does he mean to make his next stand. We English may have a navvies' war before us. The sooner we drop our philanthropic ideas of keeping such good muscle in peace employment the better for us. We must persuade this class of labourer to "down tools" and take up arms, for the task of the relief of Antwerp is possibly before us. The German does not mean to fight on German soil for

many a month, if he can help it, and it is our own special task to push him back upon it. We declared war to preserve the neutrality of Belgium, and it is our province and duty to keep her soil free from an invader's foot. German diplomacy is not so dense as not to foresee that if Germany has an iron grip upon Belgium when the question of peace arises she will only relax her hold upon the conditional regain of the colonies which we have wrenched from her.

It is when the German has got his back well within his own frontier that we may look for the zenith of the titanic struggle we are waging. Meantime I follow on my manœuvre map of 1897 with redoubled interest the outflanking movements through Peronné, Bapaume, thence possibly to Cambrai once more, Douai and St. Amand, and on to Belgian soil. Would that our own troops were again retreading this route, and fighting upon ground that they must have learned by heart.

THE EASTERN AREA. REFERENCE MAP, "TIMES", 29 SEPTEMBER.

The soldier mind must bow in admiration to the marvellously successful achievement in German administration which permits of masses of army corps being transferred from one theatre of war to another distant one in so short a space of time. It is true that railway systems in Prussia and throughout Germany subordinate commercial to strategic purposes, yet the method of transit which moves these masses as easily as pawns upon a chess-board is a factor in war which is as unexpected as it is unwelcome. To remove corps after corps from one flank of the western frontier to a threatened point in the same area is alone a splendid feat of organisation; for the traversing of the lines of communication of corps already in position must of itself disturb the supply of food and ammunition to the fighting lines. To convey a corps by rail, it is calculated, requires 117 trains. To mass 22 corps on the Eastern Frontier, where before some seven only were posted, is a splendid feat of administration. The depot system for new bases must of itself require immense forethought and calculation, and this alone may account in some measure for the irregularity in food supply to which prisoners give testimony.

The violent blow which drove the Russians back upon and over the Niemen in East Prussia was a strategical advantage for the Allies. It sufficed to "contain" a huge German force which, had it been used further south, or even in Galicia, might have saved Austria-Hungary the penalty of a crushing strategical defeat. Somewhat late in the day the Germans have recognised the error of the move, but meantime the road to Buda-Pesth across the Carpathians promises to fall into the Russian hands. A strategical point at Kaschau (Kassau), in Northern Hungary, where is the headquarters of an army corps in peace, would, if possessed by the advancing Russians, open a way both to the capital of the kingdom and the capital of the Empire. Russia has troops enough for both this task and the main effort for Berlin via the two routes of Cracow and Posen. Has she leaders for those tasks is a question. With well-timed combined operations on the part of Russian commanders the Austrian armies in Galicia threaten to become annihilated, but it is a vastly different matter to tackle German armies when on their own soil and able to carry out the lightning surprise movements by rail which we have lately witnessed. In this theatre of war, as compared with that on the west, there is one main difference. There are enough Russians to keep the foe on the run when once he has been put upon his legs: and if it comes to spade work the German will learn something from a master hand. Yet the Russian armies, when they reach and capture Cracow, will be in an enormously advantageous situation. Two lines of rail will carry them on thence to Breslau, the next objective. This force will thus have turned the stout German fortresses at Thorn and elsewhere that guard the Polish frontier. A timely combined movement of the centre Russian army moving westward will "contain" these strongholds while this operation from the south matures.

Our eyes will centre on this eastern area before the month is over.

THE DANUBE AREA.

While Serbia proudly marches to victory in Bosnia diplomacy may open the flood-gates of more war locks. Rumania still hesitates, although in buckled armour, to take down the sword, while German falsehood, German marks, and German seamen toy with the weak Moslem mind to betray her interests and join the Dual Alliance. That this means a veiled threat to our transit of reinforcements from India is quite certain, but let the veil be raised and the real purport be disclosed: if it be war, then farewell to Turkey's empire.

MIDDLE ARTICLES. STUMPING THE COUNTRY.

By J. HOLLAND ROSE.

THE opinion of the masses at this crisis is a matter of so much interest and importance that I feel it a duty to set forth the impressions gained during a lecture-tour of some three weeks, however egotistic the statement may seem to be. Two other Cambridge graduates, Mr. G. G. Coulton and Mr. Ian Hannah and I offered to give, free of charge, lectures on the causes of the war. The response was overwhelming, and we had great difficulty in coping with the mass of correspondence which it entailed. Many of the requests showed the confusion of thought and dismay prevalent in the middle of August, and there would seem to be need of a committee, with some amount of official sanction, for guiding public opinion at a crisis. The German Government, following the example of Napoleon I. (who even prescribed the subjects of caricatures), at once organised a campaign for influencing public opinion, a campaign which, as usual, errs by excess. Thought will not manœuvre like a regiment. On the other hand, it should not straggle like a crowd.

At first it was clear that the amateurish criticisms shot out by Mr. Keir Hardie at Sir Edward Grey had made a slight impression on a section of the Labour Party. At the end of the meetings questions were sometimes put with a very confident air as to the offers made by the German Ambassador on August 1st, as stated in despatch 123 of the "White Paper". But a statement as to the divergences of opinion between Prince Lichnowsky and the German Chancellor or the German Foreign Secretary, together with a review of the damning admissions of the latter, as described in despatch 122, disposed of those objections. Only one cavalier persisted in believing that Germany had in good faith offered us what terms we wanted, provided that we remained neutral; and there has been little or no tendency to insist on the harm of "secret diplomacy". The speedy publication of official despatches in the "White Paper" was a master-stroke; for the evidence contained in that very despatch 123, to which a handful of cranks still blindly cling, shows that so late as August 1st Sir Edward Grey was assigning great importance to public opinion and believed that it would not at that time warrant armed intervention. Objectors now and again sought to prove that our secret engagement with France was the cause of our being dragged into war; but, apart from one acrid protest that all negotiations ought at once to be made public, the meetings which I addressed testified to the complete confidence felt in the Foreign Minister.

The fact is that those who strive to stir up jealousy against him do not know the British nation. Merchants and tradesmen are fully aware of the importance of secrecy during the framing of important contracts, and members of Trade Unions and Co-operative Societies know equally well that trust in their representatives is an essential of success in handling weighty affairs. The British working-man likes to feel that he has some say as to the final result of deliberations closely affecting his welfare; but he is not such a fool as to wish to interfere while they are in progress. The hot-heads who have counselled semi-anarchic

strikes have of late been discredited; and, despite a few threatening signs last year, the general outcome of the Labour movement has tended towards an increase of trust in responsible leaders. It is, therefore, fairly certain that any effort at hampering Sir Edward Grey will be repudiated by the great mass of the people. They know perfectly well that they cannot understand the complexities of European diplomacy, and they will be inclined to distrust any of their representatives who leave the sphere of economics and social reform for that of diplomacy, in which they can only be dabblers.

There can, I think, be little doubt that the industrial districts of the Midlands and North are thoroughly sound at heart on the subject of this war. If anything, they are more enthusiastic than the rural districts, where the brain moves feebly and the pulse is slow. I have heard of some villages within fifty miles of London where the cottagers scarcely realise that we are at war. If it chanced that the parson be old and feeble and the squire an absentee or unpopular, the youths of the village see no reason why they should enlist, and small blame to them if their natural leaders do not bestir themselves. But operatives and miners think for themselves; their calling compels them to think; and, though they cannot fathom all the causes of the war, they see how much is at stake. Belgium and France are immensely popular; and an explanation of the championship of Serbia by Russia arouses enthusiasm for the Tsar. The barbarities of the Germans against unarmed civilians have aroused genuine passion. "Come along; let's be at 'em", were the words of many Yorkshire miners when they heard of Belgian miners sealed up in their pits by the apostles of culture. In South Yorkshire I heard of only one malcontent trying to stop recruiting among miners, and he was speedily stopped by the threat: "Hold th' tongue, else th'ull go t' th' pond". The only cases of solid complaint which I heard were against managers who "sacked" all their men so as to compel them to enlist, and against long delay in the relief of wives and children left behind. Carelessness or heartlessness shown at the time of the Boer War has left bitter memories behind; and slackness in recruiting at this or that place is undoubtedly due to this cause, not to doubts regarding the justness of Britain's cause.

On this main issue the North of England is thoroughly convinced, and though the repute of Germans in Manchester stands deservedly high, recruiting there has been up to the average. A township further to the west, numbering 46,000 inhabitants, has sent in all 1,000 men, and is prepared to send more if the call comes. The silly cant, that this is a war of the classes, finds there not the slightest echo. The men of Lancashire stand shoulder to shoulder, ready to face all the hardships that winter may bring. Masters tell you calmly that they will lose £10,000 or more, but will keep their mills going, at any rate half-time. I heard of cases where owner, directors, and managers were sacrificing more than half, sometimes three-fourths, of their incomes in order not to discharge their workpeople. These sacrifices are duly appreciated, and mischief-makers will find it hard work to stir up class hatred in the County Palatine. In one of its large towns, represented in Parliament by a Socialist, a large meeting spontaneously started "God Save the King"—at a patriotically high pitch which produced truly chanticleer results. At a music-hall in another town the speaking was deferred for a quarter of an hour owing to the protracted efforts of the chief local baritone to screw up the audience to the requisite degree of fervour; until, finally, the curtain had to be promptly raised after his encore achievements, and disclosed the chairman and speaker ready for action. Even then an audience comprising very many youths listened intently to a detailed description of the causes of the war. It is sometimes said that this terrible conflict will end all study. That attention will be diverted towards modern history and bellicose recitals cannot be doubted, but this is a challenge to educational agencies to meet the demand in a way that shall be permanently helpful. Indeed, the Workers' Edu-

cational Association has already taken steps to utilise the opportunity and enlighten the darkness which prevails respecting the great events of recent times.

The impression gained during this tour is that of a people almost entirely of one mind, far more so than ever before; of wealthy men cheerfully prepared to make unequalled sacrifices; of workers contributing largely out of their reduced earnings towards the support of the wounded and of the families of soldiers and sailors; of the resolve of civilians to keep things going at home; in short, of a nation taken unawares by the advent of war, but adapting itself quietly and resolutely to the new problems, and, above all, thoroughly determined to carry through the conflict to the end for the purpose of assuring a peace based on the aspirations of all the people concerned.

REIMS AND RESTORATION.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

WE should not be far wrong in seeing analogy between Reims Cathedral and the Parthenon. The latter seems to have contained the special graces and virtues of Greek genius, the former to have expressed the ripe perfection of the Gothic. That one can thus write in the past tense would have been unthinkable six weeks ago, before Louvain, Malines, and Termonde acquired their present significance. Die Kultur, however, has changed all that. The ruin of the Parthenon is mainly due to æsthetic ignorance (when the Christians converted the pagan temple to their own uses); to Morosini's explosion of a powder magazine inside the building in 1687 and his clumsy efforts at looting; to the Turks, who used the sculptures as building material; and to a trickling pest of memento-seeking tourists throughout the eighteenth century. Reims Cathedral, begun in 1211, endured inviolate till last Saturday week, and her present state of "blackened ruin" has been wrought not by ignorance, nor Turks, nor the casual fortunes of seventeenth-century warfare, nor the gradual accidents of two thousand years. In two days this consummate revelation of the mediæval worship-spirit was burned and battered to a charred shell.

"Reims is the national cathedral. Others are catholic, she alone is French. The baptism of Clovis fills the angle of the gable, and the Kings of France occupy the windows of the nave. The façade is so rich that on a coronation day it needs no further decoration; for tapestries of stone hang in the porches. She is ever ready to receive kings."

M. Mâle writes thus in his thoughtful analysis of French religious art. Of course, the glowing reality of the Gothic inspiration can only be felt incompletely by us. Much of its rich mystery and thrilling wonder could only be partaken by those for whom the worship and the faith it manifested were living presences. But we can at least feel ourselves exalted and abashed by the soaring purpose, the mystic enthusiasm and daring of a glorious ideal.

This ideal was not expressed more perfectly than at Reims, not only in the large constructive plan (our Westminster was derived from it), but even more touchingly in the sculptures and traceries. Reims, in short, was of the finest breath of the Gothic spirit and nervous energy; the world will never see again such power of infusing stone with tense and lofty beauty, "as if the stone leapt into spray of flame", such genius for audacious building, such imagination and pervading faith. Mr. Lethaby has described this genius and this energy, "by which a cathedral became a stone cage, with films of stained glass suspended in the voids, a marvellous jewelled lantern". He speaks, too, of the desire to hang bells high in the air that they may speak far; of the "high belfries that satisfied the mediæval artists' love of intricate forms silhouetted against the sky", and of the "fairy architecture, the glory of stained glass, the might of the bells, the organ music, and the splendour of the altars. . . ."

At present we are ignorant of how much damage has been done to Reims; the interior, so beautiful in

planning and proportion, certainly has suffered grievously. The north side, too, must have endured direct assault, the supremely beautiful central porch of the west façade and the rose window over it have fared worse than had been hoped, and it can hardly be that any glass remains. The damage may not be entire—there is a limit even to German thoroughness—but with fire raging within and without, and shells bursting indiscriminately about when not actually plunging through the spray of stonework and severing the cage-like construction, little of the building can be unscarred. No building, indeed, could be more impressive by shell fire than a Gothic cathedral, because its secret beauty, its unique expression is more vulnerable than that of any other structure. The very soul of Gothic imagination is materialised in the traceries and sculptures that are fretted against the sky and encrust the porches. The glorious façade of Reims was far more than a miracle of carving; with Chartres and Amiens it was the declaration of a creed: it was a whole world of thought and psychology.

Can one, moreover, think of any work of man that so completely gives expression to so full a gamut of emotion and contemplative thought? Surely we could find on the façades of these churches something of the greatest qualities of all schools and times. That seems to me perhaps the crowning wonder of the Gothic genius, its strange power of voicing the Greek instinct for poise and drapery (as in the Reims "Visitation"); of conjuring forth a spirit of gaiety and femininity never seen before or since, for example the Reims "Angels" (the most lovely, perhaps, on S. Nicasius' left, is now beheaded) or the "Vierge dorée" at Amiens; of touching the deep spiritual places of humanity as poignantly as did Mantegna, Bellini and Rembrandt centuries later. The sublime verities that Blake perceived were known to the master who created the "Abraham Receiving the Souls of the Blessed" on the north transept of Reims, now presumably blown to bits. This group alone, with the gracious tenderness and reverence of the approaching Blessed, and the serene profundity of the central figure, typifies the embracing genius of the Gothic masters. With it rank the queenly and radiant figures of Mary and "La Reine de Saba", of which the last we know for certain is now a headless wreck.

Leonardo said that an artist had two aims—man and the intention of his soul; the one was easy, the other hard to attain. The great masters of all schools are they who have been able to light up for us some deep-lying significance of life. So that their names represent this or that secret revealed. Phidias stands for so much, Leonardo for so much else, Michelangelo for another quality, and so on. But not even Rembrandt had the key to life in its universality that the masters of Reims and Chartres possessed. Nor can we concentrate our attention exclusively on the human psychology of their western façades. Indescribably and indivisibly that element of their genius is fused in the more abstract quality of their art, even as Beethoven's music is his mind. And while this applies equally to Greek or Roman builders, yet we recognise in the Gothic imagination a strain of passionate intention and romantic yearning, which though not necessarily in a higher zone of genius is nearer us, more expressive of our highest emotions, more devoted, and for us more spiritual.

This zeal and spiritual thought were built into Reims; the fabric seemed to stir with living and unfathomable expression, to spring with perfect intention and perfect execution. People have casually talked about repairs, as if we could restore lost meaning to a tremendous and mysterious creed whose deep significance we never knew. In a twinkling the Prussian shells and flames have effaced in countless places the revelation of a mystic faith. Here "restoration" could only be the touching up of a dead flower. Could any but God rekindle life in the dead? We who have not the secret would be fools to try. What could be restored of Reims is unimportant; modern artists were better employed in striving after their own ideals. What is lost, in

that it was the supreme declaration of a wonderful and ever-fertilising vision, has for ever gone. And the guns that helped in this great work, I understand, are thus inscribed: "Ultima Ratio Regum. Pro Gloria et Patria", with "W. II." thrown in.

A DIGEST OF TREITSCHKE.—III.

(Concluded.)

FOR many years Treitschke was a member of the Reichstag, but he was a writer rather than a speaker, and the volume of reprinted speeches* compares unfavourably with many of his other works. He appears to have spoken too much *de haut en bas*, as a prophet among disciples rather than as a politician among other politicians, and the frequent interruptions of his speeches show that the Reichstag was as impatient of this manner as the House of Commons. Many of his remarks were on local or tariff questions, and are no longer of interest; but one speech on Alsace-Lorraine, delivered immediately after the war of 1871, is important:—

"I wanted", says Treitschke, "to see Alsace-Lorraine united to this glorious old Prussia, although not a born Prussian myself. But the strength of Prussia has been demonstrated, and Alsace should be gripped tight in the strength of the Prussian State-life. I am told that Alsace is a triumph of federalism. To what length shall we follow these theoretical questions? The problem for us is, what have we to do for the people of Alsace to make them German? From the first moment we ought to treat this new people as Germans. Like all Frenchmen, the people of Alsace regret the fall of their monarchy. Bourbons, Orléanists, Napoleons, and Republic have fallen in quick succession. But we Germans look at monarchy in another and a higher sense. We present this new people with the original and the most powerful dynasty we possess; and when the time comes for the old Imperial Palace in Alsace to be rebuilt, the eagle of the Hohenzollern shall be hung against the old lions of the Hohenstaufens, the lions which still watch to-day by the Hoch-Königsburg near Schlettstadt. If, on the other hand, we give these frontier countries an independent official administration, the people of Alsace will accustom themselves to stay at home, and will more and more feel enmity for the Germans".

It is clear from this speech that the federalising instinct which was—and is—so strong in all Germans except the Prussians, the instinct which sprang from the traditional mould of the old German Empire, had raised its voice in favour of granting Alsace-Lorraine something of the autonomy which Bavaria and Württemberg and the minor States of Germany had enjoyed. But Treitschke and the new Prussian school had no belief in federalism, which, in their opinion, "was a weak form of government, fitted only to the non-military English communities on both sides of the Atlantic. A federal Germany masked the dominance of Prussia, and it was above all things necessary that Prussia should dominate Germany before she could dominate the world."

This creed of a centralised Germany dependent on a dominant Prussia was held by Treitschke consistently through his political career. It had some justification, for the old federal German Empire was a weak, unwieldy thing; but the trouble lay rather with the German people than with the actual institution. Treitschke recognised this fault, this desire for a loose decentralised political organisation, and he realised that it could only be corrected by relying on another German national characteristic—the habit of obedience. Prussian discipline was the true corrective to German federal looseness. In this, as the history of the past

* "Reden", 1871-84, published 1896. Other works of Treitschke consulted in these papers are "Ausgewählte Schriften", 1907, and "Politik", 1897.

Messrs Jarrold and Sons, jointly with Messrs. Allen and Unwin, will publish shortly "Treitschke: His Life and Work". This volume will contain Prof. Adolf Hausrath's Biography of Treitschke and selections from Treitschke's writings. This volume will shortly be followed by others.

forty years has shown by its increasing Prussian dominance, his calculation was correct.

In another respect, however, it was not. Throughout this speech on Alsace-Lorraine is the tacit assumption that what France had done Germany could also do. France had made the people of Alsace loyal Frenchmen; Germany must now make them loyal Germans. Probably the thing might have been done in time, but the advice was misread, and it was decided that Prussia must make them good Prussians—with what success the Zabern incident attests.

Yet Treitschke's desire to absorb Alsace was a wise and patriotic thing; he saw the danger of an unfriendly foreign province on a conquered frontier, and he endeavoured to avoid that danger. If he failed, it was not altogether his fault: it was because the Prussian character made failure inevitable. The German is often absorbed by other nations: the Prussian never absorbs. One cannot at the same time absorb and dominate. Russia, France, and England possess the invaluable and rare gift of conciliating: the Teuton has no such gifts. Alsace remains French, the Italian provinces of Austria remain Italian, the Polish provinces of Germany and Austria remain Polish, and Treitschke, whose lack of sympathy with other ways of thought than the Prussian made him advocate Polish political repression, had some share in keeping Polish disaffection alive.

Treitschke spoke no more on the Alsace question in the Reichstag, but before he died, in 1896, he must have realised, what indeed every thinking German has begun to recognise, that Prussian methods in the new provinces had not yet been successful, and that the reconciliation of their conquered French subjects was to be a long and difficult process. But the Prussian system nevertheless remained his ideal to the end. "The State", he wrote—and by the State he meant Prussia—"is the transmitter of all culture, and therefore entitled to claim all the powers of the individual for itself". That doctrine in its logical fulfilment—and the Prussian spirit is as logical as it is clear and cold—implies the suppression of individuality for the good of the State. When Treitschke preached this doctrine he was not original; indeed, he was preaching to the converted. The geographical position of Prussia has always allowed, or perhaps compelled, her rulers to exalt this doctrine of State necessity as the only means of preserving the State, and Treitschke merely expanded it into a creed, with the implied injunction to hate your neighbour and do evil to those that tolerate you—above all in the case of England, the "hypocrite", the "sham", the "great robber-State"—a strange taunt from the State that robbed Austria of Silesia. This policy of Frederick, which has so deeply subverted Prussian ideas of State morality ever since, was thus summed up and excused by Treitschke: "Frederick the Great was all his life charged with treachery, because no treaty or alliance could ever induce him to renounce the right of free self-determination". That is merely to say, nobody could trust Frederick's word if it suited him to break it.

Treitschke is great enough to tempt comparisons. A lesser man than Machiavelli in his Politics, he was a narrower man than Hume in his History, a less attractive writer than Michelet or Macaulay—whom he constantly condemned; and, judged solely as an historian, he cannot compare with the greatest masters of the craft, Thucydides or Tacitus, or Gibbon, or even Mommsen. In all his writings, for example, there is no hint that he saw, what indeed is obvious to every Englishman who lives in Germany, that the conflict which Treitschke joyfully anticipated with England was owing not merely to England being in possession of territories which Germany desired, but to a conflict of first principles of government. Prussia relies on compulsion, England on free will; and no account of the differences between the two countries will get anywhere near the truth that does not take that fundamental distinction into account. There are excellences and defects in both methods, and both have sprung

partly from national character, partly from geographical situation. But this simple fact Treitschke would not recognise. England, in his judgment, had produced no good thing, and was becoming nothing but a sham.

THE COMPLETE SATIRIST.

WHY do people who want good fiction neglect Peacock's books to-day? Peacock is infinitely wittier, more amusing, truer to life, more original than any of the greatly boomed and the moderately gifted, very popular novelists of to-day: this is the simple truth about it. Peacock's novels were written on a plan which was unique. They in no way depend upon plot for their interest, but in all of them the satiric element is relieved by a story with a tender vein running through it, which, without violently exciting curiosity, gives just enough contrast to the author's bright dialogue and playful dissection of folly. In most of the novels each man has his own hobby, which he rides with unceasing vigour, and much diversion is drawn from the tournaments which thus take place round the breakfast and dinner table. From reading of these encounters one derives the satisfaction which the exhibition of humanity's foibles always causes if rightly touched. It is one of the charms of Peacock that there is no grain of ill-nature even in his severest denunciations. *His satire, even at its keenest, is without bitterness, as true satire should be.* In the midst of the writer's fun and sharp onslaughts on prejudice and pedantry there is always the charm of a woman's presence—a woman clever, graceful, and refined; and the mirth provoked by the absurdities of the men is relieved by the sympathy felt with the girl who supplies the love interest, without which a novel would be incomplete. One peculiarity which belongs to those of Peacock's novels which were aimed at folly as it flew is that the characters are mostly labelled with names more or less far-fetched, which indicate their bent of mind.

Thus in "Headlong Hall," the first, and in some respects the most buoyant, of the novels, we find Mr Foster (quasi *φωστήρ* from *φῶς* and *τηρέω*), a perfectibilian; Mr. Escot (quasi *ἐς σκοτόν*), a deteriorationist; Mr. Jenkinson (*αἰέν ἐξ ἴσου*), a statu-quo-ite; and the Reverend Doctor Gaster, the etymology of whose name is thus explained in a note by the author:—"Gaster: scilicet Venter—et præterea nihil." These four travellers are on their way to the hospitable house of Squire Headlong in Wales, where they presently meet with other guests as remarkable as themselves for the determination of their views and the amusement which they afford in expounding them. There is Mr. Cranium, the craniologist, with his lovely daughter Cephalis, whose accepted lover Mr. Escot has formerly been. Unfortunately he has lost her father's favour by laughing at one of his lectures, and the task of regaining it seems hopeless. There is Caprioletta Headlong, the Squire's lovely niece; there is also Mr. Milestone, a picturesque landscape gardener, with various other guests, who are thus introduced by the author:—

"Next arrived a post-chaise carrying four inside, whose extreme thinness enabled them to travel thus economically without experiencing the slightest inconvenience. These four personages were two very profound critics, Mr. Gall and Mr. Treacle, who followed the trade of reviewers, but occasionally indulged themselves in the composition of bad poetry; and two very multitudinous versifiers, Mr. Nightshade and Mr. MacLaurel, who followed the trade of poetry, but occasionally indulged themselves in the composition of bad criticism. Mr. Nightshade and Mr. MacLaurel were the two senior lieutenants of a very formidable corps of critics, of whom Timothy Treacle, Esquire, was captain, and Geoffrey Gall, Esquire, generalissimo.

"The last arrivals were Mr. Cornelius Chromatic, the most profound and scientific of all amateurs of the fiddle, with his two blooming daughters, Miss Tenorina

and Miss Graziosa; Sir Patrick O'Prism, a dilettante painter of high renown, and his maiden aunt, Miss Philomela Poppyseed, an indefatigable compounder of novels, written for the express purpose of supporting every species of superstition and prejudice; and Mr. Panscope, the chemical, botanical, geological, astronomical, mathematical, metaphysical, meteorological, anatomical, physiological, galvanistical, musical, pictorial, bibliographical, critical philosopher, who had run through the whole circle of the sciences, and understood them all equally well."

It is difficult to convey any notion of the merriment and wit which ensue from the assemblage of all these heterogeneous people at Headlong Hall. They no sooner meet than they join battle. Sir Patrick O'Prism, walking round the grounds with Mr. Milestone, takes issue with the landscape-gardener upon his pet subject, and refuses to distinguish between the picturesque and the beautiful. "Allow me," said Mr. Gall, "I distinguish the picturesque and the beautiful, and I add to them in the laying out of grounds a third and distinct character, which I call *unexpectedness*." "Pray, Sir," said Mr. Milestone, "by what name do you distinguish this character when a person walks round the grounds for the second time?" The ball of controversy, once set rolling, never stops. It pursues its gay course through a dinner, an evening, a lecture by Mr. Cranium, and a dance. Mr. Cranium's objections to having Mr. Escot for a son-in-law are overcome by a gift from the philosopher of that inestimable treasure, the skull of Cadwallader; while Sir Patrick and the Squire pair off with the daughters of Mr. Chromatic. In this, as in the other novels, it is remarkable that when disputes threaten to become too hot they are generally quenched by the application of a bumper. The one point in which all the different lines of opinion presented meet is an appreciation of good cheer.

"Melincourt," which follows "Headlong Hall", is not perhaps the happiest of Peacock's books. Its length is too great for its materials. There is a pleasant extravagance, however, in one of its chief personages, Sir Oran Haut-ton, who was "caught very young in the woods of Angola". His character is founded upon those passages of Lord Monboddo which glorify the orang-outang; and the simple courtesy of his nature is opposed with a fine humour to the meanness of Lord Anophel Achthar, the son of a hundred earls, and his creature the Rev. Dr. Grovelgrub. There is much beauty, too, in the characters of Mr. Forester and of Anthelia, the heroine, and much keenness in the shafts aimed by the way at abuses of the time. It would not be easy to determine between "Crotchet Castle" and "Nightmare Abbey" which is the better story. The latter derives a peculiar interest from the fact that the character of Scythrop is a portrait, and according to all accounts a good one, of Shelley; while the transcendental Mr. Flosky is a caricature of Coleridge. The abbey, as its name implies, is the property of a singularly hypochondriac and atrabilious gentleman, Christopher Glowry, father of Scythrop. The low spirits of this pair, and of Mr. Glowry's particular friend, Mr. Toobad, who believes the world to be given over for a time to the principle of evil, are set off by the joviality of Mr. Glowry's sister and her husband, Mr. Hilary, and the accompanying disposition of Mr. Larynx, the vicar, who is always ready to drink Madeira with Scythrop, to sigh with Mr. Glowry, or to crack jokes with Mr. Hilary, as occasion demands. The party at the Abbey is completed by Mr. Listless, a fashionable dandy, Marionetta O'Carroll, a charming cousin of Scythrop's, and Mr. Asterias, who, with his son Aquarius, goes about the world looking for mermaids. Scythrop is, or fancies himself, desperately in love with Marionetta, to whom on one occasion he proposes that they should follow the example of Rosalia and Carlos, by drinking a mixture of each other's blood, and thus "soaring on the wings of ideas into the space of pure intelligence".

Marionetta could not reply; she had not so strong a stomach as Rosalia, and turned sick at the proposition. She disengaged herself suddenly from Scythrop, sprang through the door of the tower, and fled with precipitation along the corridors. Scythrop pursued her, crying, "Stop, stop, Marionetta—my life, my life!" and was gaining rapidly on her flight when, at an ill-omened corner, where two corridors ended in an angle, at the head of a staircase, he came into sudden and violent contact with Mr. Toobad, and they both plunged together to the foot of the stairs, like two billiard-balls into one pocket. This gave the young lady time to escape and enclose herself in her chamber; while Mr. Toobad, rising slowly and rubbing his knees and shoulders, said: "You see, my dear Scythrop, in this little incident, one of the innumerable proofs of the temporary supremacy of the devil; for what but a systematic design and concurrent contrivance of evil could have made the angels of time and place coincide in our unfortunate persons at the head of this accursed staircase?"

"Nothing else, certainly," said Scythrop: "you are perfectly in the right, Mr. Toobad. Evil and mischief, and misery, and confusion, and vanity, and vexation of spirit, and death, and disease, and assassination, and war, and poverty, and pestilence, and famine, and avarice, and selfishness, and rancour, and jealousy, and spleen, and malevolence, and the disappointments of philanthropy, and the faithlessness of friendship, and the crosses of love—all prove the accuracy of your views, and the truth of your system; and it is not impossible that the infernal interruption of this fall down stairs may throw a colour of evil on the whole of my future existence."

"My dear boy," said Mr. Toobad, "you have a fine eye for consequences."

So saying he embraced Scythrop, who retired with a disconsolate step to dress for dinner; while Mr. Toobad stalked across the hall, repeating, "Woe to the inhabitants of the earth, and of the sea, for the devil is come among you, having great wrath".

The reconciliation of Scythrop to Marionetta is not difficult, but his ambitions, unfortunately, are not to be contented with one love at a time; and from attempting to keep up two at once he ends by being left with none. Upon this slender cord is hung a brilliant succession of scenes, now of slightly ridiculous but always graceful love-making, now of absurd incidents, and now of dialogue abounding in true comedy. Perhaps for pure fun there is nothing better in all the author's writings than the scene in which a conversation getting gradually more and more eerie in its character turns on ghosts. It is concluded by Mr. Flosky, the transcendentalist, who says: "I live in a world of ghosts! I see a ghost at this moment." As Mr. Flosky, uttering these words, fixes his eyes upon a door at the opposite end of the room, the door opens, and what the company takes to be a real ghost stalks through it. The melancholy Mr. Glowry himself might have been moved to laughter by reading of the catastrophe which follows, and which is concluded by Mr. Toobad jumping, in the extremity of his alarm, into the moat, where he is caught for a mermaid by Mr. Asterias and his son. There is an admirably ridiculous scene, in which Scythrop's faithlessness to Marionetta is exposed. When, after this, both the ladies with whom he has been in love give him up, he resolves to end his difficulties and his life, after the manner of Werter, with the aid of a pint of port and a pistol. As a matter of fact, however, he ends by ordering some Madeira. "Crotchet Castle" and "Gryll Grange" both belong to the class of "Nightmare Abbey". In both are found the same pretty thread of story, the same marvellous assemblage of curious people, the same bright wit, and the same scraps of out-of-the-way learning which never seem pedantic. In both, too, are found light graceful lyrics, easily and pleasantly introduced. In the writing of delicate, fanciful songs, Peacock has never been surpassed. "Gryll Grange" is remarkable, amongst other things, for a specimen of an imitation of the Aristophanic comedy.

Peacock's gift or skill as a song-writer is seen at its best in "The Misfortunes of Elphin" and in "Maid Marian", two works which may be classed together as dealing with the past instead of the present, and revelling in an exuberant and poetical fancy, instead of keeping to the themes suggested by modern follies and abuses. "The Misfortunes of Elphin" does indeed contain a political allusion, but that is the only tiresome part of it. The description of the drunken orgie in the halls of Seithenyn ap Seithenyn, and of the escape of the few sober persons present from the fury of the storm-flood which breaks in through the rotten walls, is admirable both for its humour and its picturesque power.

"Maid Marian" is perhaps the most brilliant of Peacock's novels. It presents every aspect of his genius. It is full of fun, of beauty, and of character. It has this advantage also over the novels of modern life, that the persons of its story are individuals rather than types. Friar Tuck, who appears first as Brother Michael of Rubygill Abbey, Baron Fitzwater, Sir Ralph, Little John, Robin and Marian themselves, all leave an impression of their reality on the mind. The songs in this story are the best which Peacock wrote, and they arise from the dialogue in a manner which seems deliciously natural. For instance, Brother Michael or Friar Tuck is pointing out to Sir Ralph the futility of thinking that the habits of Matilda Fitzwater and Robert Earl of Huntingdon can ever be changed, or their love for each other diminished. "They are twin plants of the forest", says Brother Michael, and are identified with its growth:—

For the tender beech and the sapling oak,
That grow by the shadowy rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will.

But this you must know, that as long as they grow,
Whatever change may be,
You never can teach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree.

"Maid Marian" is probably better known than any other of Peacock's works. There is a wonderful scent of the woods and their freedom and their gay tunefulness about this novel of an impossible life which the writer's spirit clothes with reality.

CONDOLENCE.

THE language wherein Goethe did record
Wedlock of Christian Art with pagan Joy—
Of Faust with Helen, and Calvary with Troy—
That tongue I speak not; but at yon key-board,
Which is the grandchild of the harpsichord,
Rapt have I sat and listened from a boy,
While Schubert's, Schumann's gold without alloy
Flashed amid thunder, from my own hands poured.
Bach, his great coils by giant shuttles woven,
Companioned oft my youth; and oft this soul
By Wagner's Siegfried-sword was pierced and cloven:
And with the sorrowing Earth would I condole,
Hearing Man's masterpiece of dissonance roll
From the same mighty breast that nursed Beethoven.

WILLIAM WATSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MEMORIES OF GENERAL GRIERSON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Sports Club, 8, St. James's Square, S.W.,
30 September 1914.

SIR,—Inasmuch as I was the boy with whom the late General Grierson fought his first fight, I need hardly say that I was greatly interested in reading the article, in this week's issue, by my old friend and schoolfellow, Mr. D. S. MacColl. Although, owing to his frequent absence on

foreign service, I did not see much of Grierson after leaving school, I kept up a desultory correspondence with him, and I am glad to be able to confirm from his letters what Mr. MacColl says regarding his admiration for the British "Tommy" and his love for his native land and her Highland regiments. In acknowledging the receipt of a copy of Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads", which I sent him in 1892, he writes: "Very many thanks for so kindly sending me Kipling's 'Barrack Room Ballads'—a gift I greatly appreciate. It's really wonderful what a grip that man has got of the curious personality of that singular personage, 'Mr. Thomas Atkins', of whom, with Mr. R. K., I am a most devout admirer. 'Tommy' is a heaven-born soldier, and takes to the bayonet and the butt as naturally as to mother's milk, whereas soldiers of other nations have to be educated up to the noble trade. Kipling understands the man thoroughly, and his writings are therefore particularly agreeable to me".

Again, when in 1896 I sent him Kipling's "Seven Seas", he writes:—"I'm not much of a poetry reader, but there is such a fine ring about Kipling's works that I can read them over and over again and thoroughly enjoy them. Only I don't quite agree with one of his sentiments in 'Soldier and Sailor too', when he makes T. Atkins say: 'We're all of us liars, we're 'alf of us thieves'. It's a libel on a very decent body of men."

His love for his old school comes out in the following extract from the same letter:—"Archie Hunter has done grandly, and has thoroughly deserved his luck if ever man did. He is a credit to the old Academy."

I have "resurrected" a copy of "The Academician" (the Glasgow Academy Chronicle), dated 18 May 1883, in which the place of honour is given to a description of the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir by Lieut. J. M. Grierson, R.A., and from it I take the following short extracts which glow with Scottish pride. "On the 11th and 12th all the troops from the rear, except those destined to guard the line of communications, arrived in camp—the Black Watch, Highland Light Infantry (the Glasgow Regiment), Cameron Highlanders and Gordon Highlanders—in magnificent order, looking as if the fatigues of the long march across the desert were nothing to them. With the Indian division was also another Scottish battalion—the 1st Seaforth Highlanders—every man of which wore his two medals gained in hard fighting in the Afghan War. After delivering my orders, I returned to the front and found the General superintending the attack of the Seaforth Highlanders, who were advancing by rushes straight on the battery, the two companies of the 2nd Battalion (the old 78th), attached to the 1st Battalion, being in front. Those splendid soldiers hardly halted at all, but pressed on with the bayonet. A company or two were extended into the cultivation to the south, and with those for a short time the General rode. Coming to a deep cutting, over which a narrow footbridge existed, the leading company paused; but then a voice—that of a private soldier in the ranks—cried out, 'Furrit, lads, furrit, double in single file ower the brig!' a specimen of that splendid offensive spirit—what the Germans call the 'blutige offensive'—which exists in Scottish soldiers. Two companies of the Highland Light Infantry were just marching up, headed by their pipers, and the men cheering rapturously. The Glasgow lads had done well that day and had paid for their fame by a total loss of eighty-five men, heavier than any other battalion—Glasgow had flourished."

Yours faithfully,

JOHN KING.

THE WAR AND NATIONAL SERVICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

St. Leonards-on-Sea,
14 September 1914.

SIR,—Among the many wonders of this war—e.g., the gallant defence of Liège, the marvellous world-wide manifestation of British sea supremacy, the rapidity and success with which Russia has struck home in Galicia, and the sudden turning of the great tide upon the Marne—there is

nothing more wonderful than the masterly and immortal Retreat from Mons. But what must have been Sir John French's feelings on that glorious but terrible day, the 26 August, what agony of spirit must he have endured when, at the crisis of his Army's fate, he found himself unable to reinforce, even with a single brigade of horse, foot, or artillery, the devoted troops of Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien; who, fighting against fearful odds, were that day, by the skill, courage, and resolution of their leader, as well as by their own heroic devotion and unexampled exertions, saving the French armies—if not France herself—from overwhelming disaster? He must have wished with Westmoreland,

"O that we now had here

But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day!"

Whatever his feelings were they were those, we may be sure, of a soldier and a great commander. But what shall be said of those "gentlemen in England now a-bed" except that they must "think themselves accurs'd" that, through their own blind folly, they had placed that heroic little army in such terrible straits, and so jeopardised, we dare not think how far, the success of the Allied arms? We all recognise the good work done by Lord Haldane for the British Army. But no one more than he can now regret those two fatal mistakes: the reduction of the Regular Forces and the opposition to Lord Roberts's scheme of National Service. The smallness of our Regular Army is more than our good Allies can readily understand. The "Figaro", full of admiration as it is for the gallant deeds of the British Army, yet sometimes betrays, between the lines, its astonishment that we cannot put more men, straight away, into the field. It alludes with unconscious irony to "L'effort anglais" and "La participation anglaise", which, on land, must seem so little when compared with our size as a nation; and in its issue of 10 September it prints a quotation from an article in the "Novoié Vremia", telegraphed from Petrograd, and heads it, "Appel à l'Angleterre". The gist of it is this: "Let us hope, then, that Great Britain will not delay to throw upon French soil all the forces she can command, even to the last man and the last battery. She must do it at once; for the road by which the Russian Army marches to the help of the noble French people is long and difficult. . . . Little by little the German hammer is being transformed into an anvil. Let England contribute to this transformation". This Russian view seems hardly to appreciate the great services we have already rendered by both land and sea. But we must make allowances for the failure to grasp this fact when we consider the natural tendency on the Continent to measure effective help by the actual numbers of men under arms and in the field.

As regards National Service, we cannot claim, perhaps, that it would have averted war with Germany. That war must have come; as war must always come. Nothing can prevent it. National Service might not even have postponed it. "L'effort anglais" might not have been taken seriously enough by Germany. But National Service would have advanced the British Territorial Armies far on the road towards that "slow-bought gain"—efficiency, and would, if firmly established on the outbreak of war, have saved the situation to-day and placed this country in a magnificent position.

We would have had the same Fleet and the same Regular Army with its Expeditionary Force; but we would have had a Territorial Force of more than double the numbers and treble the training, with abundance of well-trained officers and N.C.O.'s; and behind that force immense reserves, over 2,000,000 trained men—trained for home defence only it is true, but available as a splendid recruiting field when the great need came. The moral effect alone would have been incalculable.

It is not too much to say that National Service would have saved us not only priceless time, but thousands of precious lives and hundreds of millions of money, and spared our Allies untold misery and suffering. It would have materially shortened the war, and, in conjunction with our supremacy at sea, would have placed this country, when peace

came, in a predominating position to secure the liberties of nations, to see that the scales of justice were evenly held, and to ensure for future generations the peace of the world. It may be that, thanks to Lord Kitchener, we may yet attain before peace is signed that much to be desired commanding military position. I hope so and I believe so. But I am now only concerned to show what we have lost by our own most grievous fault in not having adopted some scheme of National Service. The country is responding nobly to Lord Kitchener's call; but every gallant fellow who now joins the King's new armies must long in his heart for those precious months of training which National Service would have given him and which he has been denied.

It is too soon, perhaps, to talk of the lessons of this war or of what drastic changes must be made in our state of military preparedness. But one lesson will surely have been learnt—the folly of leaving until the outbreak of war not only the war training, but the very raising and creation of armies. The genius of one man, Lord Kitchener, may now save us from some of the consequences of our folly. The genius of another man—Lord Roberts—would have averted those consequences altogether had the Government and the country listened years ago to his wise words of warning.

Yours, etc.,

T. A. CREGAN, Colonel.

THE GERMAN ARMY IN BELGIUM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Reform Club, 30 September 1914.

SIR,—May I be excused for suggesting that your comments on the Proclamation of the German Commandant to the unfortunate inhabitants of the Commune of Grivegnée, near Liège (which appeared in the "Times" of 24 September) were so worded as to give the average newspaper reader the impression that you only took exception to the clause requiring all civilians to salute German officers, and considered all the other provisions such as might be regarded as within the rights of an invading army amid a hostile population? I feel sure this was not your intention, for among these provisions is one for taking and keeping hostages whose "lives", it is stated, will be "at stake if the population . . . does not keep quiet under all circumstances". It is also specially laid down that the hostages are to be changed from time to time, and that if any substitute for a hostage does not present himself within forty-eight hours of the time at which he is summoned to surrender the hostage "may be shot". Surely the practice of murdering hostages for the omissions or wrong doings of others over whom they have no control is utterly heathen and barbarous, and has hitherto, since the Middle Ages, been so held, except perhaps in certain instances, which no one but these latter-day Huns would nowadays dream of justifying.

I certainly hope that if the Allies have to traverse any part of Germany they will act as Christians and—at whatever cost—avoid the injustice (which nothing whatever can palliate) of killing or destroying the dwellings of harmless people out of revenge or for the purpose of coercing the other inhabitants by terror. In this connection may I quote from the beautiful letter of M. Emile Hovelague in the "Times" of the 29th inst. on the subject of the destruction of Reims Cathedral:—"Against barbarism civilised man has no possible retaliation; even if Germany had hostages such as Reims our hands would spare them. No soul in France would degrade itself to the level of these brutes. At the risk of our lives we moved the German wounded out of the flaming hell Germans had poured upon them. There is our revenge; not understood by them, but the world will understand."

That is surely the right spirit for Christian soldiers.

Yours obediently,

W. H. EYRE.

. We agree that the clauses relating to hostages were brutal. Surely our protest against the most offensive passages of the proclamation could not have been stronger.

LOUVAIN AND REIMS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Edinburgh.

SIR,—After Sedan and Versailles it was said that the Prussian schoolmaster, more than Bismarck and von Moltke, had won for Wilhelm I. the Imperial Crown of a united Germany. After Louvain and Reims every impartial observer will doubtless agree with your appreciation of the Prussian junker "thundering his Philistinism at the world", and, while posing as Nietzsche's Uebermensch, busily engaged on losing that crown for Wilhelm II. Ravishing women and killing children where the men are too game to their taste, lying drunk in the wine cellars of Champagne, supermen of that stamp remind one of Milton's words anent the quelling of another barbarous crew: "Their own murders and rapes will so fight against them that the very sutlers and horse-boys of the camp will be able to rout and chase them without the staining of any noble sword."

Yours faithfully,

J. F. S.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Royal Automobile Club,
Pall Mall, London, S.W.

SIR,—The wonderful stained glass at Reims is gone! Is the glass in S. Gudule, at Brussels, to share the same fate—the masterpiece of Bernard Van Orley? Or may the civilised world feel assured that the authorities will remove it before it can be destroyed by the German Huns?

Yours truly,

H. WARD TOPHAM.

WHAT TO EAT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Royal Automobile Club,

21 September 1914.

SIR,—It was natural that Mr. Eustace Miles should enter the Hindhede controversy, seeing that the Danish doctor's contentions are directed as much against the "Emprote" system as against the school of Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Mr. Miles's rule of diet is, in fact, merely "high living" on vegetable, instead of meat bases. But when Mr. Miles attempts to disparage Dr. Hindhede's conclusions as being founded on "comparatively brief experiments", it must be pointed out, in justice to the Danish reformer, that, although the Hindhede Laboratory in Copenhagen (subsidised by the Government) has only been in operation since 1 January 1911, Dr. Hindhede's private experiments and observations in the field of nutrition extend over a period at least equal to the twenty years of personal experience to which Mr. Miles can lay claim, and probably longer. (Since 1847, vide Dr. M. Hindhede, "Protein and Nutrition".) No one who is acquainted with the methods of the Danish Government will suspect it of being in a hurry to finance a man who could not make out in advance a good scientific case for the prosecution and extension of his research. Moreover, in the daily diet of a vast number of his fellow-countrymen in Jutland, consisting as it does largely of potatoes and cereals, Dr. Hindhede has always had an immense amount of evidence ready to his hand, which, though not all scientifically controlled in individual cases, is nevertheless perfectly admissible in support of his generalisations.

Yours truly,

ROBERT JAMES

(A former resident in Denmark).

[This correspondence is closed.—ED. S.R.]

[Owing to the extreme pressure on our space, we are this week compelled to hold over many letters relating to the war.—ED. "S.R."]

REVIEWS.

WORK AND WEALTH.

"Work and Wealth: A Human Valuation." By J. A. Hobson. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.

MR. HOBSON'S survey of the economic world from the standpoint of human welfare stimulates thought, and in many respects his arguments are convincing, especially when he is concerned with the demonstration of defects. His critical method may be briefly described as the judgment of industrial processes by estimating the human utilities which they create and the human costs which they entail. After striking a balance he arrives at the net human advantage. He will not be content with the old economists' definition of wealth as that which has exchange value, but he will examine the "value" in question as to the methods by which it was created and the use to which it will be put. Obviously the old economists had great advantages over him in that their postulates and their hypotheses ruled out many disputes and enabled them to work out their argument without many of the disturbing controversies which beset Mr. Hobson at every turn. They had not to wrangle with the moralist, the humanist, and the artist. They postulated the economic man and escaped original sin and the perfectibility of the species. It is true that their science was admittedly hypothetical and required, as it were, a vacuum before their chimera would bombinate according to the rules. It is true, also, as Mr. Hobson says, that according to them a sovereign's worth of bad books was the equal in wealth of a sovereign's worth of good books, but they had not to decide what books were bad. Now Mr. Hobson has to estimate the human costs and the human utility of books, and what a task is that on both sides of the account! A book may be the precious life-blood of a master spirit, or it may be the child of hasty dictation and mechanical typewriting. And who shall judge of its human utility? What does "Paradise Lost" prove? We can imagine the question asked by the State actuary, skilled in morals, art, and humanism according to the majority dictates of his day. And how often "This will never do" would be the decision of the same official in his crustier moments!

Not only in books and art, but in all the manifold branches of human activity the same kind of supreme judgment is required if political economy is to be rewritten from the humanist standpoint and if the industrial State is to be remodelled on the same lines. Mr. Hobson endeavours to avoid the difficulty by arguing that some standard of well-being must be generally accepted. He admits, of course, that it cannot be as stable or as generally acceptable as the monetary standard of the old economists; but he calls it "an operative ideal" and argues that the common social environment partly evokes, partly imposes, upon persons of widely different minds and dispositions a substantial body of agreement in their meaning of human welfare. To some extent this is true. There would be substantial agreement as to the great ills to which human life is subject because they are a part of universal experience, but has there ever been a nation in which the various classes and orders of men have been in agreement as to what is best both for the class and for the nation? Mr. Hobson makes free use of the popular analogy between society and an organism, but the great weakness of the analogy is that the welfare of the whole does not always seem the welfare of the part. We are all members one of another, but the members argue and disagree and the human utility of one is not always that of another. It is surely conceivable that the welfare of a society as a whole may involve excessive human costs to certain sections of that society. The "organic welfare" of Greece was not wholly unconnected with the basis of slavery. If the State is to be supreme and if drill is to be substituted for freedom, the standard of social and organic welfare may lead man to adopt some unexpected despotisms.

An essential part of Mr. Hobson's economic argument is that what he calls the unearned surplus, by which apparently he means all profits earned by trade above the rate required to attract the necessary capital, implies excessive human costs and bad consumption, and is therefore the direct efficient cause of the human defects in our industrial system. It is this unproductive surplus which is the factor of discord. His argument on this point is never fully developed in this book; but he has, we believe, elaborated it in another work. We gather that he regards this unearned surplus from two not quite consistent points of view; as a humanist he would make it his chief argument for overthrowing the present system, and as a practical man he would use the evil fund "for the betterment of the working-classes and the enrichment of public life". He is not convinced either by the modern doctrine of "marginalism", according to which every owner of any factor of production tends to receive as remuneration exactly what it is worth, or by the view of the old economists that excessive profits in any one trade will attract so much new capital into that channel that competition will bring the profits down. He says perfectly truly that the actual facts of modern trade show that there are many virtual monopolies which entrench themselves successfully against the invasions of competing capital and earn dividends far larger than are economically necessary. These trusts or combinations are generally the result of superior organising or will-power, and they are the field of industry which most fascinates the men of highest mental energy who enter business to-day. They offer romantic rewards, the prospect of colossal fortunes, which mean power as well as wealth, and are a stimulus to activities on the grand scale. Moreover, high profits are generally accompanied by a high scale of wages. It is not to the employees of Mr. Rockefeller that the anti-trust orator of the States looks for his support. Monopolies, of course, have their evil side, but in actual practice is it not in the most fiercely competitive trades that "sweated" wages are generally paid? High profits must have some utility in tempting people to invest rather than spend unproductively, and very rich men are of some advantage to the State as the bearers of taxation, and also, as Mr. Hobson says in another part of the book, because they save almost automatically and thus provide the increasing capital necessary for the progressive needs of society. Mr. Hobson says that saving by the poor involves excessive costs, and he should be careful not to destroy the class which can save without entailing any human loss.

He is by no means a believer in crude doctrines of equality, but holds that a man's income should be in justice estimated according to his needs and his ability to use it. That is surely rebuilding the world "of one entire and perfect chrysolite", and Mr. Hobson's Utopia will be warmly welcomed. He has some keen criticisms to direct against State Socialism, especially those "cases where public departments are allowed to pay wages so low as to contribute to that inefficiency and destitution from which the same public is subsequently called upon to make financial and administrative provision". For this bureaucratic or consumers' Socialism he says that a statutory right of appeal to a public authority, independent of the particular department, is required. Imagine State Socialism in operation, and the State the one universal employer, and where would Mr. Hobson find such an independent authority? The machine might be constituted, but where would be the outside Deus?

Although we have questioned some of Mr. Hobson's arguments, we would not give an unfair impression of his very thoughtful and suggestive book. Much of what he says on the loss to humanity involved in many modern processes, and on the advantages of craftsmanship and art and leisure and sport, requires to be constantly emphasised to-day. To borrow his own phrases, we may say that the human cost involved in following his arguments is considerable, but the human utility that emerges is a sufficient reward.

THE SCOTTISH KINGS.

"The Royal Stuarts." By T. F. Henderson. Blackwood. 16s. net.

IN spite of the extraordinary activity of Scottish historians, the annals of their country are still in books unopened by a vast number of educated Englishmen. Wallace and Bruce stand out, indeed, as heroic figures familiar to the imagination; but a good many of us must own to a gap in knowledge extending from the year of Bannockburn to the coming of Queen Mary, out of which Flodden Field appears as a solitary oasis of definite information. For this reason we could wish that Mr. Henderson had given more space to his biographies of those Stuart kings who reigned before the union of the crowns and had left alone the lives of those later monarchs and princes with whom the most casual student of history is already pretty well acquainted. The period of the first five Jameses is as important as it is full of romantic interest. Four of them left behind definite marks of personality, and under their rule the country advanced in a way which can only be described as astonishing when we consider the many evils that it had to suffer.

A first glance at the chronicles of Scotland during the fifteenth century may suggest merely a welter of blood. The attacks of the English seem only to be varied by the outbreaks of civil strife in which Douglas after Douglas tried conclusions with the Royal House in selfish struggles for supremacy. This, however, is but a shortsighted view, and we owe a better knowledge of Scottish history to the works of Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Hume Brown. The Stuarts and Douglases were not quite in the same case as the English Yorks and Lancasters, families wasting their country's strength for the sake of personal ambitions. On each side the protagonists, to some extent at least, stood for an idea of government. Hereditary monarchy does not seem to have ever been a firmly established institution in old Scotland. Robert Bruce, indeed, set the throne on a firmer basis, but he owed his power entirely to his exceptional strength of character and his abilities as a soldier. Even to his son he could not bequeath more than a fragment of the influence he had won over his people. The first Stuarts, therefore, merely descendants from the Bruce in the female line, could not expect to receive more allegiance than they were prepared to conquer. Robert II. and Robert III. were both ineffective rulers, and the latter wrote his own epitaph for "the worst of kings and the most miserable of men".

The task which faced the first James on his return from his long captivity in England was, indeed, a formidable one, but his resolution to maintain the power of the crown was every whit as firm as that which animated Charles I. when he raised the standard at Nottingham. Against this idea of monarchical and national government stood the great lords, callous as to whether they won their way by Scottish or foreign arms, but determined to brook no interference with what they deemed to be their own sovereign rights as nobles of the land. During the reign of his successor the opposition became crystallised in the Douglas family. Scarcely a spark of constructive statesmanship, far less of patriotism, is to be found in the records of the Scottish nobility of those years. Happily the estate of the clergy produced better and more capable men, such as William Elphinstone, Bishop of Aberdeen, and James Kennedy, Bishop of St. Andrews. The more enlightened churchmen gave loyal and valuable support to the early Stuarts, and the commons, so far as they acted for themselves, seem on the whole to have been well affected towards their kings. The grouping of parties altered strangely little with the passage of centuries. When the Douglases had been broken, it only required a little while for the Campbells to fill their place. The Stuarts ever had to fight against the next most powerful family in the land, and both in England and Scotland their worst enemies were usually those whom kings looked to see standing most closely round the throne.

That the efforts of the Stuarts to establish and maintain the authority of the crown, to secure internal

peace, and to crush anarchy, were so largely successful must in great measure be attributed to their personal abilities. Pedro de Ayala, the Spanish ambassador to Edinburgh, wrote in 1496 that there was "as great a difference between the Scotland of old time and the Scotland of to-day as there is between bad and good"—a striking tribute to the government of a land which had undergone almost every kind of disaster and disorder. So enamoured, indeed, was this diplomatist with his visit to the country that he went the length of assuring his master that it was considerably nearer to Spain than was England in the mere matter of mileage! In legislation, the administration of justice, the arts, and commerce, Scotland had made great strides before the fourth James met his untimely end at Flodden. Few, if any, of the Stuarts, however, strike us as men particularly marked for kingship and the cares of state. Each one of them seems to have had other talents which could have secured them fame and success in other walks of life, and the fascination which they as a family possess for us is undoubtedly due to this feature in their characters. James III., whom even Mr. Lang could not praise as a monarch, cuts an uncommonly interesting figure in the procession of the princes. His attempt to rule through the agency of his "favourites", so rudely ended at Lauder, as we may read in "The Lady of the Lake", was in reality a curious if not disinterested experiment in democratic government. Fearful of his turbulent nobility, the king had made an effort to find some support among the lower ranks of the people. His "masons and fiddlers" not only bore witness to his love of the fine arts, but also, as Mr. Rait pointed out in his treatise on the Scottish Parliament, to his "popular sympathies". James III., most unpopular of all the Stuarts, was born out of due time, but in some respects he strikes us as not unworthy of comparison with his grandfather, the reputed author of "The King's Quhair", and, in others, with even such a master of kingcraft as his descendant, Charles II.

Mr. Henderson's work, though full of erudition on many other issues, throws little new light on the characters of these early Scottish kings. At times the author exasperates us by an unhappy literary manner; whilst at others he bewilders the general reader by the wealth of his genealogical details. The book is neither frankly popular in design nor sufficiently dignified to attract very serious attention, but by a certain condensing of knowledge in the first four chapters one may be given an appetite for fuller knowledge of mediæval Scotland. Of the Stuarts who did not actually reign as crowned kings little or nothing is known except by those who have the time for deep and extensive research, yet more than one of them is surely worth a literary portrait. With all the evidence that has been unearthed during the last half-century, and with even a tithe of the imagination which enabled Scott to write his "Fair Maid of Perth", there are great opportunities for the historical biographer. It is hard to be content with a mere side reference to the "Wolf of Badenoch", the uncrowned monarch of the Highlands, and with no reference at all to his son, Alexander, whose career as raider, roysterer, and, finally, as most perfect gentle knight seems to have been even more adventurous and romantic than that of any other Stuart. It is not idle to imagine that a writer with Mr. Henderson's scholarship and industry could bring back these men to us from the place of historical shadows, and give them life with the employment of just a little more light than is shed by the common lamps of libraries. But a far more difficult and important task lies before the historian, who must some day explain to us what was the exact nature of the force which so long kept Scotland independent of her great neighbour. The lives of the kings do not solve this problem, and, despite all that has been done, a full history of the Scottish people is still to be written. An historian of the type of Augustine Thierry is needed to write it.

NATIONAL POETRY.

"Songs and Sonnets for England in War Time." Lane. 1s. net.

"Remember Louvain." Edited by E. V. L. Methuen. 1s. net.

"Lord God of Battles." Compiled by A. E. Manning Foster. Cope and Fenwick. 1s. net.

CONDITIONS to-day are favourable to a renaissance of great poetry. We have been forced to recognise ourselves as a nation, and not as a collection of individuals, parties, sects, and schools. Never has our people been given a higher or wider vision than that which the last few weeks have revealed. The old patriotism and the newer imperialism have been made one with all the hopes of social progress on which the century was building. "Poets", Shelley wrote, "are the trumpets which sing to battle. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world". These words, aptly quoted by Mr. Manning Foster—whose knowledge and taste in English letters enables him to quote—are the right introduction to every book of verse for the present war, for they strike a confidence in song without which no poetry can be great or can even rise towards greatness.

The future is charged with possibilities of tremendous joy and sorrow, and, somehow or other, all those of us who write are trying to express this knowledge. The first of the books on our list contains nothing but verse written since the outbreak of war; the second is an anthology of patriotic poems, most of which are now more or less classic; the third, consisting of a selection from the war poetry of past and present, is, perhaps, the most interesting. In strength of conviction the new men have equalled, if not excelled, the old masters, and so there need be no false shame in placing their works side by side. Wrath against cruelty and tyranny, indignation at the breaking of our peace, possess them all. Their verse is, as Byron said, "the lava of the imagination, whose eruption prevents an earthquake". Some fail from being over-loud, others from too close adherence to the conventions of scholarly restraint; yet everywhere are signs that their inspiration has come from a spirit far mightier than was abroad in the days when all our hopes and fears were confused.

Belief in the coming of a school of national poetry cannot as yet be much strengthened or weakened by anything we see of excellence or fault in the work of individual performers. We look rather to the intentions of the poets than to anything they have done. There is, however, in Mr. Manning Foster's collection a poem called "The Day", which has particularly seized our attention. Its vigour would alone make it remarkable, but it seems, further, to be a peculiarly typical expression of the sentiments of the English race at the greatest crisis in their history. It suggests no hankering for martial glory, and it may have defects of literary grace and taste; but it is white-hot. Less furious, but bitingly satirical are Mr. Barry Pain's lines on "The Kaiser and God", which appear in the book published by Mr. Lane.

When we turn to the poems of the past many contrasts are to be noted. We are glad of such a token as Browning's "Hervé Riel" to show that the spirit of the nation is neither unjust nor ungenerous, for our verse shows no inclination to treat the present struggle as one between honourable rivals. There is now, as there has been in many times and countries, a correct idea current that a just man must discriminate between one enemy and another, fighting against some with arms only, but against others with heart and mind as well, even as against the powers of darkness and disease. Cicero noted this feeling in contrasting the sentiments of the Romans towards Pyrrhus and Hannibal: "Ab altero propter probitatem ejus non nimis alienos animos habemus; alterum propter crudelitatem semper haec civitas oderit". No other explanation or justification is needed for the changed attitude shown in the new poems of the war. The high song of battle

is being written in deeds. For weeks past we have been hearing those

"Bells and bells of song that ring
Round banners of a cause or king
From armies bleeding white".

Assuredly they have not sounded in vain. To what fresh senses they call the whole world does not concern us here, but to the poets their message is plain enough. They summon the poets to be a herald of the nation which has set itself in unbroken line to march on the highway of honour. Neither war nor conscious patriotism may be their main themes, but they will show the deeper effects which these things have had upon life and character. Ages and nations have always had the poets which they deserved. Shakespeares and Miltons cannot be fostered on market gossip and tavern brawls, and those who live aloof in ivory towers can only run to seed in minor verse. We look with confidence towards a new age of poetry, since events have set in tune the spirits of the poet and the world in which he must live.

The *Nineteenth Century and After*.—There is an extremely interesting article upon Treitschke in the "Nineteenth Century" for October by Professor J. H. Morgan. It is planned in the right way, allowing extensive extracts from his work. Everyone talks of Treitschke; but hardly a word of him has yet appeared in English. We have ourselves been trying to remedy this deficiency in the *SATURDAY REVIEW* in the series of articles concluded this week. Professor Morgan does not make the mistake of pouring contempt upon Treitschke because he is opposed, as we are all opposed, to Treitschke's doctrine and because he is fully aware of Treitschke's intense hostility to Great Britain. Treitschke was a vital figure, radiating energy and inspiration. He may be reckoned as the most dangerous prophet that has arisen in modern Europe. He believed in his gospel, and had the ability to persuade his country of its truth. Like the "Fortnightly", the "Nineteenth Century" deals almost exclusively with war topics. Professor Marriott, the Bishop of Carlisle, Sir Thomas Barclay, and Mr. William Watson are among the contributors. Professor Marriott puts at the head of his account of the diplomacy which made war inevitable the significant words of Mirabeau: "La guerre est l'industrie nationale de la Prusse". It is attractive to come upon an article in the middle of the sterner discussions of the month—an article by Julia Cartwright—on "Venetian Scholars and their Gardens".

The *Fortnightly Review*.—Only three articles in the "Fortnightly" deal with subjects unconnected with the war; and one of these is an article caught up in the editorial machinery before war was declared. It is, of course, quite inevitable at the present time that the war should push out all other topics. There are still a very few who want to read about anything else; and there are even fewer who desire to write on the things that absorbed them less than ten weeks ago. We have turned first, in the "Fortnightly" for October, to the article by Politicus on Russia. It is pleasant to find this vigorous justification of Russia, and to be served with so much excellent knowledge. So much has been written ignorantly and maliciously of Russia's part in Europe since the Japanese war that Mr. Courtney may be considered as rendering a public service by printing this article. Politicus shows how German statesmen since the partition of Poland have persistently misguided and perplexed the policy of Russia; how, too, by marriage, by social influence, and by economic penetration, Germany has been largely responsible for the difficulties in which the Russian nation has been involved. The Russian bureaucracy till quite recent years has been half Prussian. Hence the many dark pages of its history. Mr. Archibald Hurd writes of the British Fleet; Mr. Grahame-White of "Aircraft in War". We would also mention an article by Sir Arthur Quiller Couch on the "Workmanship of Macbeth".

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BIOGRAPHY.

- The Life of Lord Roberts, V.C. (Sir George Forrest). Cassell. 16s. net.
Pasteur and after Pasteur (S. Paget). A. and C. Black.
Memoirs of Youth (Giovanni Visconti Venosta). Constable. 12s. 6d. net.

HISTORY.

- A Picture Book of British History. Vol. i. (S. C. Roberts). Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d.
Napoleon's Russian Campaign of 1812 (E. Foord). Hutchinson. 16s.
Napoleon the Gaoler (E. Fraser). 5s.; Famous Land Fights (A. H. Atteridge). 6s. Methuen.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

- Mothercraft for School Girls (Florence Horspool). Macmillan. 1s. net.
A Short British History—Period I. (Robinson). 1s. 4d.; Middle School English Composition (Twentyman). 2s. 6d. Rivington.

SCIENCE.

- The World of Life (Alfred Russel Wallace). Chapman and Hall. 6s. net.

TRAVEL.

- California (Mary Austin). Black. 18s.

VERSE.

- The Horns of Chance (Margaret Chandler Aldrich); Borderlands, and Thoroughness (Wilfred Wilson Gibson). Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net each.

WAR BOOKS.

- The German Army from Within. 2s.; The Russian Army from Within. 2s.; How the German Army Makes War (Von Bernhardi). 2s.; The Great War Book. 1s. Hodder.
The Secrets of the German War Office (Armgaard Karl Graves). Laurie. 2s.
The German Enigma (Georges Bourdon). Dent. 2s. 6d.
Our Just Cause (Royal Colonial Institute). Heinemann. 1s. net.
Trading with the Enemy (Leslie Scott). Stevens. 2s. 6d.
Germany's Great Lie (Douglas Sladen). Hutchinson. 1s. net.
How the War Will End (F. L. Rawson). Crystal Press. 1s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Chronological List of George Meredith's Publications (Arundell Esdaile). Constable. 6s. net.
Holy Ground (J. Armitage Robinson). Macmillan. 1s. net.
Jewish Life in Modern Times (Israel Cohen). Methuen. 10s. 6d.
Letters of a Woman Homesteader (Elinore Pruitt Stewart). Constable. 4s. 6d. net.
New English Dictionary (Speech—Spring) (Sir James A. H. Murray). Clarendon Press. 5s.
Specimens of Languages from Southern Nigeria (Northcote W. Thomas). Harrison.
The Complete Curler (J. Gordon Grant). Black. 3s. 6d.
The Girl Who Found the Blue Bird (Madame Maurice Maeterlinck). Hodder. 5s.
The Man with the Mirror (E. Gibson Chayne). Black. 2s. 6d.
The National University of Ireland Calendar for 1914.
The Theory of Beauty (E. F. Carritt). Methuen. 6s. net.
MAGAZINES FOR OCTOBER.—Cornhill Magazine, 1s.; Blackwood's Magazine, 2s. 6d.; Fortnightly Review, 2s. 6d.; Hibbert Journal, 2s. 6d.; Nineteenth Century and After, 2s. 6d.; World's Work, 1s.; Financial Review of Reviews, 1s. net; Contemporary Review, 2s. 6d.; Harper's Monthly Magazine, 1s.

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(1) SOME EXPERIENCES AND IMPRESSIONS OF A CIVIL PRISONER OF WAR. By R. S. Nolan.
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